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POPLARS—

Photo. by John L. Wray

Edwin Styles

now starring in the West End of London, sends us this cheerio—

"I'll always
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Small's
make

Great Chocolate

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MISS DARE IN *Danger*

**Murder mysteries were her favorite hobby until she met one in real life.
Thrilling three-part Serial**

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

IT was a hot August night in Chicago and Susan Dare, smartly dressed and carrying her handbag and gloves, rode down Michigan Boulevard in a taxicab with a dead man beside her.

She was looking steadily out the window, and so she was only just aware of the thin figure of the man beside her there in the twilight of the opposite corner of the seat.

She did not know, then, that he was already dead. She only knew that she regretted the impulse which had led her to listen to his incomplete story.

In a few minutes she hoped to see the last of Mr. Albert Shepley—with his elderly, long face, his fumbling, thin fingers, his black-rimmed glasses, with the anxiety in the eyes behind them.

The light changed. The taxi moved forward, and the man in the shadow lurched a little, heavily. Even when the taxi was in motion the air was hot and fetid. It ought to be cooler, Susan thought.

She fell into a silence as deep as that of the man slumping in the corner opposite her. She was, indeed, rather thankful for that silence, arguing as it did that he considered their somewhat uncertain, definitely uncomfortable, interview at an end.

Well, she had done what she could for him. She had listened. She had explained as well as she could. She had

advised him to go to a firm of good private detectives.

She was still uneasy as she had been during their dinner together. If only she could have got past his reticence and his doubts, so as to discover the whole story! But, even so, there would have been nothing she, Susan Dare, could do about it.

A wave of self-vexation caught her. She made a mental vow never again to use material for a story that came to her in just that manner.

At that, it had been a fluke—one of those small, amusing incidents of life in a great city. Probably never again would she receive a telegram which was meant for somebody else. She sighed and looked determinedly out of the window as if to remove herself from Albert Shepley and his problems.

So it was a long time, actually, before she realised that there was a singular lethargy about the shadowy figure—a silence that was more than silence.

It was not until the figure in the corner lurched heavily towards her rounding a bend that she suspected anything wrong. It would have fallen off the seat had she not involuntarily caught its arm.

Had he gone to sleep? Fainted?

The taxi turned again just then and the figure fell heavily back into the corner. A street light cast a brief illumination into the taxi.

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This isn't really happening, Susan thought, as the men clustered near the taxi.

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SUSAN saw at

once that Albert Shepley was not asleep. His eyes were half open, glazed under motionless lids. And his mouth was horribly lax.

Then they left the street lamp behind. But that one glimpse was enough. Susan was instantly certain that the man was dead.

She called sharply to the taxi-driver, then put her hand on the heavy, lax wrist that lay on the seat. She could find no pulse. The skin was extraordinarily damp and cold, and she shrank from touching it.

The car had already come to a stop. The taxi-driver must have seen that something was wrong, for he jumped out of the front seat, opened the door to the back seat, and leaned in. Then he reached forward to touch that huddled figure.

"He's—lady, he's dead!" he cried. His own face was very pale. He flipped the button of the interior light. Its dim rays shone on that huddled figure, on Albert Shepley's long, waxlike face.

"Have you got—brandy? Whisky—anything?" Susan's voice emerged as a whisper.

The taxi-driver shook his head. "Nothing—nothing, lady. But he—there's no use—he's dead!"

She was sure that the taxi-driver was right, although it didn't seem possible. A sudden heart attack? she thought. But Shepley had made no sound, no motion of distress.

Car lights loomed. A sedan passed them and the swishing of its tyres roused them both from a kind of stupor.

Susan said, her voice still thin and frightened. "But he—he can't be dead! He was perfectly all right. I've got to find a doctor. Quick. I can't lose time."

The taxi-driver pulled off his cap.

"He's dead. There's no use in saying you'll find a doctor. We'll find a policeman! That's what. And you stay right here, young lady, till we do."

"But why?"

"That man, there, was all right when he and you got into my cab not over twenty minutes ago. Now he's dead. Nobody said a word—I didn't hear a sound from either of you all that time. It ain't right."

"I had nothing to do with it. I know no more about it than you!"

"I've got a gun in my cab, and you're not going to get away. No matter what you say you're going along with me."

Feeling as if she were in a nightmare, Susan allowed the driver to shepherd her into the front seat beside him. As they drove off again, he relaxed sufficiently to say: "Sorry to treat you like this, lady, but I got myself to look out for."

Susan said: "Will you at least stop at the door of International House?"

"What for?"

"I'm to meet somebody there. Mr. Steven Cavan."

The taxi-driver turned to give her a surprised, not wholly credulous glance. "Do you mean—Even Steven? Of the District Attorney's office?"

"Yes, I do."

He digested that a moment.

"All right," he said finally. "But no tricks."

It was not far, yet the drive seemed interminable.

It wasn't possible! Susan kept telling herself. He couldn't have died like that. An hour ago they had been dining together—rather, she had been dining. He—Albert Shepley—had pushed the food on his plate about with a fork. Had looked white and worried and pitiable. And had talked.

But not, she thought suddenly, enough. Now he was gone, dying as mysteriously as he had lived.

The taxicab came out into a

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 3

brightly lighted street, and pulled up abruptly at the kerb, opposite International House.

"If Cavan ain't here, you're out of luck, lady!" said the taxi-driver menacingly.

But Cavan was there. His long grey coupe was parked ahead of them and Steven himself lounged in it, smoking and waiting for her. "I'll go and get him," Susan said.

But the taxi-driver said quickly, "No, I'll go."

They came back quickly—the taxi-driver talking volubly and waving his hands. Steven, tall and lean, hurriedly approached Susan.

"For gosh sake, Susan. Is it you really? What's all this the driver's trying to tell me?"

"Look," said the taxi-driver, and opened the rear door of the taxi. "He died on the way. She was back there with him!"

Steven whistled a little under his breath. He leaned into the taxicab and, after a moment, withdrew.

"He's dead all right," he said. "Who is he, Susan? What happened to him?"

Susan said in a small voice, "His name is Albert Shepley. He lives somewhere near here. I think he was murdered."

Steven stared at her, his grey eyes dark and shining. Susan was feeling thankful that she had him to help her in this moment of trouble. For Steven would help her. She was sure of that.

During the last year they had seen quite a good deal of each other, and twice he had asked her to marry him. But she had hesitated, liking her own freedom, and had put him off on a plea of thinking it over.

Now, as she gazed into his strong, calm face, she could feel her confidence returning.

"Murdered!" he was saying. "Now really, Susie, aren't you just guessing?"

"Poisoned," said Susan. "And I—I think I saw it."

THE taxi-driver gulped. "The police," he gasped. "You see, Mr. Cavan, she knows about it. I said to get the police and, by golly, we'd better!"

"Huh?" said Steven, who had been staring rather fixedly at Susan. "Oh, the police." He paused and considered. "Well, yes, I suppose so. Did he give you his address?"

"No," the taxi-driver said. "That is—yes. But I forget." He closed the rear door. "I can't remember. Somewhere on Blacklake Avenue, it was."

"Three Sixty-three," Susan said, unexpectedly remembering it.

Steven looked at the taxi-driver. "That's nearer than any station. We'd better take him there."

"But Mr. Cavan, the cops wouldn't like it."

"I'll assume the responsibility. I'll follow you, Miss Dare will come with me in my car."

"Okay," the taxi-driver agreed reluctantly. "But if it was anybody but you, Mr. Cavan, I wouldn't stand for it."

"Don't worry," Steven said. "I'll make the report to the police on the way. Come along, Susan."

She was trembling. He led her to his long grey coupe and put her in it. By the time he had climbed in beside her and started the car the death-laden taxi had slid slowly into motion again, the driver leaning out to see if they were following.

"Well," said Steven. "I must say this is a nice way to greet me after you've been away for two months. Here I am waiting, a lover's tryst, so to speak. And you turn up with a corpse!"

"Oh, Steve, that poor, wretched—horrible man."

"Now stop that, Susie," Steven said crisply. "You can cry on my shoulder later, my pet. But just now tell me what happened. And hurry."

"I'm afraid it's murder, Steve."

"That's what you said. Now stop that trembling. You've had a nasty experience. But if it's murder, it's likely to be still nastier. So tell me everything. Quickly! How long have you known him? Why did you say it was murder? Who killed him?"

"I've known him since eight o'clock to-night. His name is Albert Shepley. I believe it's murder because I think he was poisoned and I saw him take it. I don't know who killed him, but I suppose it was one of five people whose names I know. But I don't know them."

Susan paused, then explained carefully: "He didn't mean to take the poison. That is why I'm calling it murder."

He gave her a rather startled glance.

"Murder is very seldom done with the consent of the victim," he said. "Don't dither, Susie. Begin at the beginning." His jaw looked a little grim.

"Well, he telephoned me this afternoon. A few minutes before you telephoned, Steve. He asked me to have dinner with him."

"Just like that?" Steven inquired. "Just like that." I had never heard of him before."

"What did he want you to do? Write the story of his life?"

"No. He said he was in trouble. He sounded genuine and I said I'd come."

"What did he want?"

"It was about one of my stories." Steve shot her a sideways glance. "One of your murder stories, Susan?" he asked.

"Well—yes!"

"I knew you'd come to no good writing murder mysteries."

"Or rather," Susan went on, hardly noticing, "it wasn't a story."

She paused to arrange the sequence of the thing.

Steven said quickly, "Make up your mind, darling. Time is flying."

"There was a telegram, too," Susan told him. "It came to me by accident. It was just an ordinary business telegram—except part of it wasn't ordinary." She frowned.

"There were three or four words that were sort of queer, if you considered them alone, apart from the rest of the message. And I—well, I used those same words in a story. You see—oh, I'd better explain how I happened to do it."

"Yes," Steven said with strained courtesy. "Do!"

"Well, it was over a year ago, late in April. A foggy, dark day. He asked about that, too." Susan had suddenly veered off on a tangent. "He asked whether it was a foggy day, and when I said I believed it was he said that the air service was suspended that day. And I—"

Steven recalled her sternly.

"It was a dark and foggy day in April over a year ago and the telegram—go on from there."

"Well, the telegram must have been given to me by mistake. It came early in the morning. I mean, it was read to me over the telephone. And before I realised it was a mistake, I wrote it down. The operator asked if there was a reply and, of course, I said no."

"Then I read it and saw it couldn't possibly be for me and told her so. But she insisted that it was my name and address. It had to be either a mistake or a joke, and it wasn't funny enough to be a joke. She hung up finally. And that was that."

"How was it signed?"

"It was signed 'Sweetheart.' That's why I thought it was a joke."

"Oh!" Steven said. "So?"

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Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



WHAT you need, Hannah," Gordon Hollis said, "is a tonic."

"What you need," his fiancée replied, "is an explosion."

"I won't fight with you, dear."

"But I wish you would, Gordon."

They both sighed and were silent. The only sound in the musty bookshop came from Mr. Baldwin's quill pen as he scratched away in his far cubbyhole like an old grey mouse in the wall.

Outside, spring had come briefly to Boston. During her lunch-hour Hannah had sat on a bench in the Public Garden and abandoned herself to the triumphant, if treacherous, spectacle.

Trim beds of winking crocuses lay all about; a rakish squirrel chattered from the branch of an elm; mallard drakes by the Swan boats and cock pigeons on the gravelled paths respectively splashed or strutted their stuff.

The day had promised high adventure, but to Hannah it had brought only Gordon, proposing, as he had every Friday afternoon for the last six months, dinner, and a movie.

"Tell me, Gordon," Hannah said, impatience arising again within her, "why you insist on wearing an overcoat on such a beautiful day as this."

"You know our east wind," he explained quietly. "It could come in any time. This weather won't last."

"Just once," she said, "I'd like to see you gamble on something."

"Gambling is foolish," he said, as a long line of Hollis lawyers had said before him. He coughed. "If I may be permitted a personal comment of my own, you don't look exactly like the spirit of spring yourself."

Hannah was both pleased and



The Lady and the Lion

angry, but the later emotion predominated. His estimate of her thin, unpainted face, her formless smock, and straight brown hair curling unimpaired at the ends, was a patent underestimation.

But she was happy to have stirred him up and would have urged him on to further insults if they had not, at that moment, been interrupted by the arrival of a customer.

He was, they both saw, an unusual customer for Baldwin's Bookshop. He wore no overcoat; his suit was chocolate-colored, with a broad pin-stripe, and was cut with flagrant lapels; an aqua shirt set off a predominantly yellow, painted tie.

He was squarely and ruggedly built, and his face more than matched his body; his voice, when he spoke, appeared to come hoarsely from his shiny black shoes.

"Parn me, baby," he said to Hannah, "but you got a book tells about Concord, Mass?"

Surprisingly, Gordon was the first to recover. "Hey," he said, and there was awe in his tone, "aren't you, Knocko Roth?"

"Yeah," said the customer, still looking at Hannah. "I had in mind a guidebook to the place."

"Well," Hannah said, totally absorbed. "I'm afraid we don't handle guidebooks."

"You're fighting Jack Markey at the Garden to-night," Gordon persisted. "I recognised you from your picture in the paper."

"People do that," Knocko admitted.

"Well, well," Gordon said, "do you think you'll take him?"

"They tell me he's a good, strong boy. I never see him go myself."

He cleared his throat lightly, and though he was not a large man, the floor trembled.

"I got a hack waitin' outside," he added. "I figured to read up on the sights on the way out to there."

"You're taking a taxi to Concord? Why?" Hannah asked, with the courage of complete fascination.

"How else would I get there?"

"I meant . . ."

"Oh, yeah. I get it," said Knocko, and passed a hand over his furrowed brow. "Well, it's like this. I travel around—see?—an' I like to

view the points of historical interest in the places. I'm a fighter, but I ain't no dope."

Deeply touched by his naked admission, Hannah said, "I'm sorry about the guidebook, Mr. Roth, but maybe I can help you. I was born in Concord."

"Yeah?" said Knocko, and winked at Gordon. "Maybe I should take her along for a guide."

Gordon laughed, but Hannah said quickly, "Do you mean it?"

With a look that was respected in middleweight circles, Roth growled, "What Knocko says, he means, baby."

"Wait a minute," Hannah said, and fled to Mr. Baldwin's office.

It was wild, foolish, and wholly wonderful. But, of course, it wouldn't be happening if she hadn't quarrelled with Gordon or if it weren't such an extraordinary day.

"Ah, spring," Mr. Baldwin began, when he'd given his permission, but the apt quotation escaped him and he finished, "Yes, spring. Run along, my dear."

"All set?" Hannah asked, taking Knocko's arm and looking up at him brightly.

"Let's go," said Knocko.

As they went out the door, she allowed Gordon an impudent wave of her free hand behind her back.

Stunned but thoughtful, the young lawyer buttoned his overcoat, set his pipe between his teeth, and went out into the intoxicating sunshine as the taxi, containing Hannah and the prizefighter, roared away over the crown of Beacon Hill.

Knocko Roth had created a false impression when he had allowed Hannah to believe that his penchant for visiting national shrines was of long standing.

He had decided to take it up, in fact, less than an hour before, while lunching with Miss Honey LaMotte at a downtown chophouse.

Grasping all ten of Honey's scarlet-nailed fingers lightly in the palm of one hand, Knocko said, "Tell me, Honey, baby, if we win this one to-night we'll get hitched right away, huh?"

"Oh, Knocko, I got to think about

it some more," Honey answered, pouting.

"It ain't right you should be dancing in them cheap joints. You ought to be set up real nice in a flat."

"Like you, Knocko, I got to think of my career."

"I'll be champ some day, baby. There ain't many ahead of me now."

"I know. It's just I get thinking, should I marry a man with no education?"

"You got enough education for me, baby. I don't go for that stuff."

"It was you I was thinking of, Knocko."

"Me?" Astounded, Knocko released her hands. "I got eighteen grand in the bank!"

"But you ain't cultured, Knocko, you know that," Honey protested. "All you do, you come to a town like Boston and you sit around talking with Slouch and the mugs like that."

Knocko looked darkly down at the table. "I wouldn't take a crack like that from nobody but you,

"Take it easy, Knocko," she hastily protested. "They wanted pictures. Publicity for the joint. I can show you."

"Oh," said Knocko, who understood the sacrifices made for publicity.

But he had been cut by her remarks, and he stood, moody and unhappy, on the street corner after they parted.

He'd always known Honey had class, but he'd figured he'd been matching her with his sharp suits and ties; now she'd come up with this culture, and he'd have to do something about that. But the Boston sights were out, because she'd seen them all.

"How about Concord, Mac?" suggested the cab driver to whom Knocko presented his problem. "Concord's famous."

"Okay. Take me to Concord." He would knock Honey's eye out with Concord. "I'm Knocko Roth."

"Hello, Knocko," said the driver. "I'm Al Figoletti. Nice day."

"Aces," said Knocko, and climbed in . . .

By TIMOTHY FULLER

Honey. "Well, it's true. Never once do you go to look at the historical sights."

"I suppose since you been in town you took 'em all in, huh?"

"Yes, I have," said Honey, cocking her head.

"Such as?"

"Well," began Honey, knotting her brow, "I've seen Faneuil Hall and the old North Street church where Paul Revere waved the lantern. All kinds of places like that."

"Yeah?" Knocko was impressed by, and suspicious of, this rich display of culture. "Who took you to all them places?"

"A Harvard man," Honey said, playing her ace.

Knocko slapped the table with both hands, and three waiters leaped to his side. "That's the pay-off! For two years I never look at another dame, and you—"

"Apologise to the lady," Gordon demanded, grasping the middleweight's arm.

ing and embarrassing adventure. But she was determined to be game. "On the left," she said, waving an arm, "we are approaching the Emerson manse. We'd better stop in and have a look at it."

"Nuts to the Emerson manse," Knocko growled. "We'll take a gander at the rude bridge and lam back to town."

"Well!" said Hannah, and sat back hurt, mad, and a little frightened.

Knocko had been working himself up to this outburst for the last half-hour. He was sore at Honey, sore at himself, and sore at Hannah. He was a fighter, and he should have been back at the hotel resting for the scrap. This culture was malarkey.

Up front, Al Figoletti pondered the unfriendly tension between his passengers, with the interest of a student of human nature, but it was against his code to offer any suggestions. He pulled up near the bridge and waited.

"This it?" Knocko asked. He felt a little better, now that he had relived his mind.

Hannah nodded coldly.

"Well, well," said Knocko.

He tried to put some enthusiasm into his voice, and Hannah, noting the attempt, relented a little. "Of course, the bridge itself is not the original, but this is the spot."

After that there was silence in the taxi while outside birds sang, the sun shone, and the river flowed placidly on.

"Hey, listen," Al Figoletti said suddenly. "You two dopes get out and stretch your legs."

"What was that crack?" Knocko asked, leaning forward.

"Get out!" Al repeated, enraged because he'd violated his code. "Take a walk. The both of you."

"Say—" Knocko began, but Hannah touched his arm.

"He's right," she said. "Come on."

She climbed out, and Knocko followed, muttering, "I ought to tag that joker."

"We were dopes," she said. "Sitting in there on a day like this and being mad at each other."

"I wasn't sore I—"

"We were both mad. I was showing off my great knowledge, and I got mad because you didn't appreciate it."

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Now you can marry me

By . . .

M. PANTER-DOWNES

WHEN Harry Ransome died, the Ransomes' friends said to one another, "Now, at last, Bernard can marry Cornelia." In their letters of condolence to Mrs. Ransome they could hardly restrain a note of congratulation.

Those who met Bernard Douglas at the funeral, where he was a prominent figure, taking the place of the male relatives Cornelia did not possess, and walking beside her and her younger daughter to the graveside, felt inclined to wring him exuberantly by the hand, instead of patting him kindly on the shoulder.

He looked sad and grave, naturally. He had loved Harry. Had they not all loved Harry? But they loved Bernard; they loved Cornelia too.

The slow bell of the bleak little Essex church might, to the ears of the assembled friends, have been ringing peals of joy.

They stood in the sunshine afterwards, rather uneasily loitering and talking, a group of middle-aged men and women who eyed the snowdrops in the rough grass, the large sky, the cart-horse looking at them over the hedge, with the faint alarm of people who ought at this moment to be in their places of business, their homes, the cosy shell of their London selves.

Some refreshments at the rectory, arranged by Cornelia, revived their momentarily mislaid feelings of complacency at the really wonderfully convenient way things were turning out.

Over the sandwiches and coffee, handed round by the rector and his wife with a cheeriness which brilliantly combined the mortal with the immortal occasion, Mrs. Ransome's friends surveyed her with eyes which could not help beaming approval.

She was not wearing mourning. Harry would not have liked it, and it was often difficult for people these days. Dressed in grey, her small hat showing the firm wave of her black hair with its sweep of white, she looked very weary, but still beautiful.

The party shifted their gaze discreetly to Bernard Douglas, who was at Cornelia's side, as usual; his fine figure suggesting a rock, a bulwark, a haven if ever they saw one. For these two dear people, it was now clear, there was not a shadow of an impediment to their delayed happiness.

"It's really rather wonderful," said Cornelia's oldest friend, Mrs. John Swithin, to her husband as they drove back to London. They were a couple of the Ransomes' contemporaries, with grown-up children, school memories, and other roots of friendship in common.

"Poor old Harry going at last, you mean, before it was too late?" asked Swithin.

"Well, that, too, of course," said Mary Swithin candidly. "But what I was thinking of was the way Cornelia has managed that situation all those years. Everybody took it for granted, didn't they? It was rather extraordinary of the three of them."

"Ah, but Cornelia is an extraordinary woman, a wonderful woman," said John Swithin.

"I suppose they'll wait the usual time, and then get married quietly," said his wife.

"I dare say." The Swithins' placid deductions were being echoed at that moment by a dozen friends, and continued.

In the months following Harry Ransome's death, to reverberate round the larger circle of the Ransomes' acquaintances.

Though nothing was said to him, they rang loud of all through the consciousness of Bernard Douglas. He knew perfectly well that everybody expected him to marry Mrs. Ransome. It was his right, the reward of his devotion for a positively Biblical span of service.

He had loved her for years. It had begun long ago in Italy, where Bernard Douglas was on holiday by himself enjoying the pictures, the dark old palaces, the cool churches with their amazing treasures, as he had always passionately enjoyed them ever since he was a child travelling on the Continent with his parents.

He had been born with a great feeling for the past, a sensitive appreciation of the beautiful and the antique. He had already begun to collect some of the fine things which later became his life's second love affair.

The heat of Venice proving too much even for his youthful enthusiasm, he turned round and headed for the hills, where, in a little hotel with a garden where cypresses made dark alleys down to the lake, he ran into Harry Ransome.

They had not met since Cambridge, where they had been mere amiable acquaintances, but Harry greeted Bernard as though he were the one friend on earth for whose arrival he, Ransome, had been waiting. It was part of Harry's charm.

Amused, Bernard remembered and newly succumbed to it. He warmed you through and through with that charm; it was as natural as the sunshine.

All the old English ladies at the hotel looked up at him tenderly from their Baedekers, the handsome dark waitress was obviously in love with him, the mongrel dogs in the streets of the steep, crazy villages ran confidently to him, waving their absurd tails. He inspired confidence and tenderness.

Linking his arm through Bernard's, he said, "Come and meet my wife. You didn't know I had a wife and two beautiful daughters, did you?"

Down by the edge of the water, in the garden which smelled of hot spicy shrubs and buzzed with the insect hum from the olive slopes, Cornelia sat on a fallen column of marble.

At her feet the two little fair-haired babies splashed happily. A nurse sat reading a little distance away.

It was late afternoon, and the water had a wonderful purity; the sound of oars and voices floated across it as though the lake were enclosed under a dome of glass. Cornelia looked like a black-haired king's daughter, bathing her toes in the blue water.

"How long are you staying?" asked Harry, as the three of them sauntered back to the hotel.

"I don't really know," said Bernard.

He knew nothing at that moment with any certainty, except that he would have done much better to have stayed and sweeter in the safe heat of Daniel's.

Back in London, the new pieces from Italy unpacked and arranged in his flat, Bernard began haunting the young Ransomes' pleasant St. John's Wood house as persistently as he would have haunted a gallery where a Madonna which he particularly admired was on view.



"It's just like old times," Cornelia said, smiling down at Bernard.

His admiration, they soon understood, was as calm, as devoid of burglarious instincts as that. If he was in love with Harry's wife, he intended to sit it out and not make any coarse grab and dash for the exit with a hundred scandalised whistles shrilling at his heels.

He was obviously extremely fond of Harry. The Swithins and the rest of the Ransomes' circle began to accept him as something permanent, a large and solid piece of furniture which Cornelia and Harry, too, had picked up on the Italian trip and arranged in an honored place in their house.

THE little girls adored him, hung round his neck and asked him innocently why he did not come and live with them properly, sleep in Alice's bed, have tea in the nursery—"Do . . . oh, do, Bernard!"

"There's an offer for you, Bernard," said Cornelia, smiling.

She had a kind of innocence about her also, a simplicity which really did give her broad brow a resemblance to one of the primitive Madonnas for which poor Bernard had so much feeling. He looked at her and changed color painfully.

"I'll think it over," he said.

He knew at that moment, for some reason, that it was hopeless—that she was in love with Harry and would continue so. He felt humbly that it was right, for Harry was so much worthier than himself, but if he had nursed some vague, wild hope in the deepest corner of his heart, it died then and there.

Bernard was on hand to get Harry out of his first financial mess, which occurred soon afterwards. Harry's blue eyes were so straight, his smile was so candid, that people neglected to look at the lower half of his face, which was revealing.

When they could no longer dodge the fact of his awful weakness, his friends found excuses for it.

He became, as it were, a professional drowner, happy in the knowledge that there would always be someone on the bank ready to throw him the lifeline of the rent, the helpful introduction which might lead to something, the odd drink.

Though by this time people knew that it would be kinder to Cornelia to pretend that they had lost the key of the drinks cupboard when Harry paid a call, they could not do it.

He could always get what he wanted, all his life, and people went

on helplessly loving him—even, in a way, believing in him. They could only fish him out, apply artificial respiration, and hope that he would not take that particular risk again. Bernard Douglas was, of course, the principal rescuer.

"What should we do without you?" Cornelia often demanded affectionately, and indeed on the quiet he rather wondered that himself.

But in spite of all his loyalty, he could not entirely protect Cornelia. The St. John's Wood home had disappeared long ago, and in the following years the Ransomes lived in a series of London flats, sometimes a little better, sometimes a little dingier than the last one.

Once or twice, thanks to Bernard, things brightened up. Harry came back, spry after another "rest cure," the children changed their school, Cornelia had some new clothes. She was quite magnificent. Wherever they might be, she arranged that their belongings so charmingly that the rooms at once had an air of their own, which even Bernard's taste approved.

Please turn to page 28

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Man in a Quandary

By A. E. MARTIN

IT is a fine day, with the sun a warm caress on chin and cheek, as I sit on the step of my cottage, and 'twould be an impertinence, surely, for a man to dig and delve when the Lord's own benediction is on all growing things.

From beyond the apple tree I watch the smoke curling lazy-like and hanging in the blue over the Kildavits' chimney.

'Twill be Miss Honoria at her baking and, sitting in the garden, there'll be Miss Moirana in a frock with frills and as pretty as a picture.

There'll be a bit of sewing in her lap, but little need she'll have for the silver thimble on her finger on such a day, for waiting no doubt she'll be, and wondering whether I'll happen that way for a morsel of gossip and how are you.

Marrying, I'm telling myself, is a serious business, and 'tis hard for a man of good looks and straight limbs with the years young upon him to make a decision. Besides, d'you see? there's the Princess to think of. Ah, there's a pig!

'Tis easy walking to the Kildavits', and 'twill not be hard on her feet, I'm thinking, and the exercise will be healthful, though I'll not be bustling the blessed creature on such a day, but will take it gently.

While we're strolling, I'll talk over with myself the matter that is on top of my mind, speaking aloud and answering back, for to hear both sides of an argument is a helpful thing to a man in a quandary.

And in good time we'll come on Moirana sitting prettily in her garden and at just the moment, I'm hoping, Honoria will be taking her cookies from the hot oven.

I'm a proud man, stepping off my own property with my own pig and, sure enough, just as I expected, after a pleasant stroll we come upon Moirana sitting beneath the apple tree with the silver thimble on her finger and the bit of sewing unheeded in her lap.

Through the window of the kitchen I can see the two busy hands of Honoria as she bends her head to the baking-board.

"He loves me, he loves me not," Moirana murmurs, plucking the petals of a little flower and pretending she has heard no footstep. "He loves me not," she says. "He loves me."

If 'twere not for the pig which gives an unexpected grunt, 'tis then I would have said, "Say no more, Moirana, for love you he does, indeed," such a loveliness is she as she sits on the green grass beneath the apple tree, dreaming of her future.

She has heard the Princess' grunt.

"Did you speak?" she asks, and looks around and sees the pig, and sorrowful I am that she has no welcoming word for the creature.

Not a word has she for the pig, but so strong is the power of love in a man that I speak no chiding word, but, instead, look at the flower she holds in her delicate fingers.

"It were a pretty day, Moirana," I say, "as I thought a stroll would do neither of us any manner of harm." Bringing the pig into the conversation, as it were.

Moirana gives a little toss of her hair—never have I seen prettier and like silk it must be to the touch.

"I'm indebted, I'm sure, for your call," says she, "though I'm thinking your two legs brought you this way so you might have the pleasure of walking with the pig."

"'Tis a pleasure, indeed," I say, "and on such a day, seeing as the sewing in your lap is not a-bothering you, would you not share it with us and walk a bit in the wood beyond?"

"A fine sight I'd be walking with you and the pig," she says.

"Ah, you've said it, Moirana," I say. "A fine sight indeed, and the envy of all, though I'm afraid there'll be none in the silent wood to see."

"Indeed," she says, "and perhaps you're right. But, in any case, walking with you and the pig, maybe I'd hardly be noticed."

"As for that, Moirana," I say, "it is easy to know why such might be the case, for the Princess is the talk of the district and every cottage hereabouts wild with the gossip of her marrying."

"Marrying!" she says and begins to pluck at the petals of the little flower. "Have you



no thought in your mind, Danny Mulcahey, that others besides the precious pig may be thinking of marrying?"

'Tis on the tip of my tongue to say, "Surely, Moirana, who but you and me?" when the kitchen window swings wide.

There drifts out the heavenly smell of cakes fresh cooked, and Honoria is there, leaning on her bare elbows, calling to me, "Good-morning, Danny," and to the pig, "How are you, your royal Highness?"

The Princess goes to the window and Honoria feeds her a cookie with her own

"He loves me, he loves me not," Moirana murmured, plucking the petals of a small flower.

hands and says she with a pretty air of asking for a fight, "And who's denying that royalty should be served first?"

She shuts the window and the picture of her homely charm is lost in the loveliness of Moirana sitting beneath the falling blossoms, twiddling the stem of the plucked flower.

"Marrying, Moirana?" I say, taking up the thread of the interrupted discourse. "I would not be your pretty self that has made up her mind, now, would it?"

If she is giving me a helping hand with a proposal, 'tis now, I'm thinking, I should speak the word.

"Who were you thinking of marrying with?" I ask, well knowing the answer if she is too blushful to speak it.

Please turn to page 36

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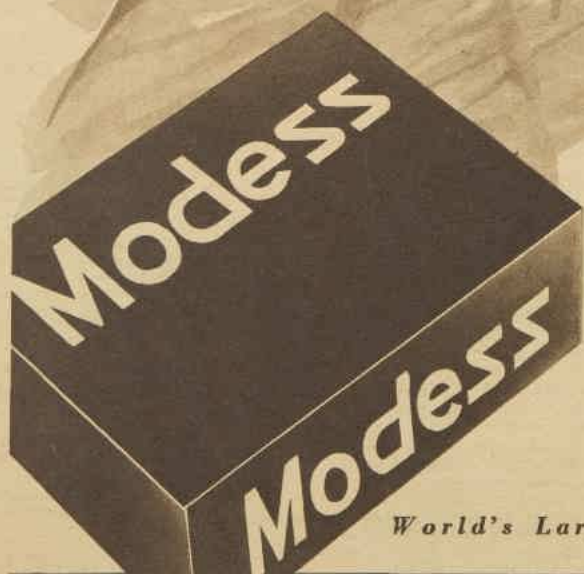
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● Above is a color picture of Bellinger Valley, New South Wales, photographed by Mr. John L. Wray, of Bescroft, New South Wales. This is one of several scenes in this valley made famous by Gruner's lovely paintings.

Reader's pictures

● Below is another of Mr. Wray's color pictures, taken at Wallacia, New South Wales, half an hour before sunset. His cover picture is a scene between Cooma and Nimmitabel, in New South Wales, five miles from Cooma.



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THE LINE VARIES

★ Coat styles are more varied than they have ever been. The only point all designers have agreed upon is that the exaggerated tent line of last year is out. Back-fullness is fairly universal, hoods are still good for those who like them, and buttons, of course, are coat, as well as dress, news. Styles shown are by leading London, New York, and Paris designers.



● Interest is focused on the box-pleats at the back in the unbelted grey flannel, above, by Dereta, of London. The coat is perfectly moulded to the body and is particularly flattering to women of fuller figure.



● Brigrance, of New York, styled the navy wool greatcoat, at right, and gives it a full-swinging back with plenty of movement, from an unusual sloping yoke. Sleeves are wide and loose to suit full lines of the coat.



● Short bell-coat from Dereta, of London, has modified fullness and important button decor down the centre back. It is made of velour.



● Bold, checked blanket wool is used by Marcelle Chaumont, of Paris, to make the coat, above, ideal for spectator sports wear. Its huge cuff and collar are high fashion.

● Perfect travelling coat, above, designed by Charles Montaigne, of Paris, is made of chamols-like fleece wool. The collar can be worn as a monk's hood, topped with cord bow to match waist tie.

● Jacques Heim, of Paris, achieves the newest draped effect with his wrap-on fleecy wool coat, at left, cut with an effective hood and very deep sleeves to allow plenty of movement. It is equally smart for town or country wear.



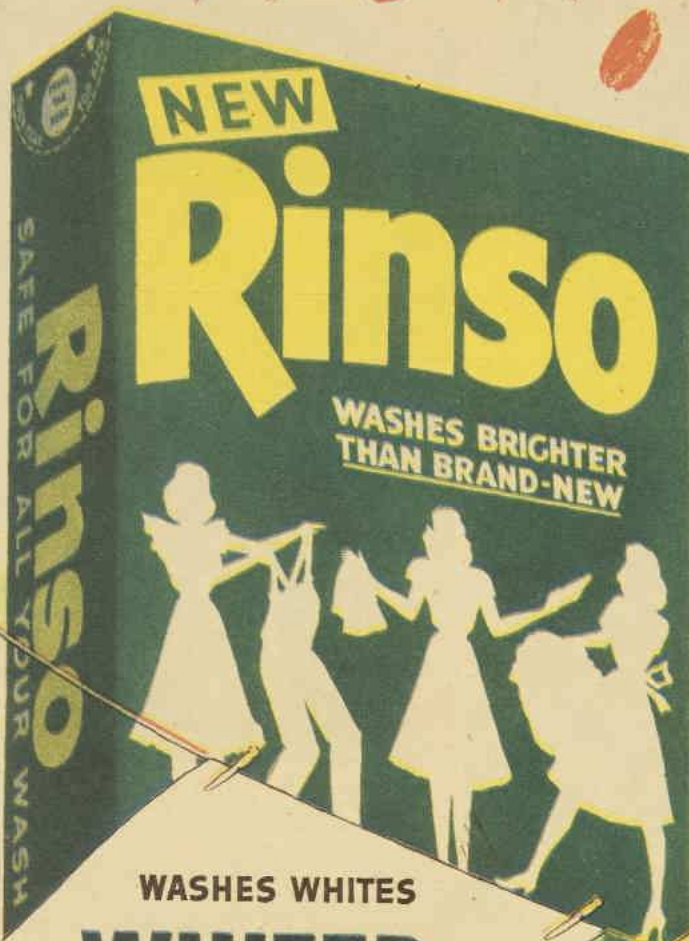
● Deep red broadcloth is made by Louis Levy, of London, into an unusual coat with loose back and straight front. Belt goes through slots under back panel. Feature is triangular scarf-collar.



● An oval-shaped yoke with the coat buttoned onto it is the effect achieved by Creed, of London, in this beautifully made black-and-plum overcheck. Very important are the pockets and collar.

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DEVIL DANCERS . . . For all their ghastly grins, goggle eyes, and broken teeth, they're just nuts, split with a nut-cracker. Like the other pictures on this page, they are natural curiosities highlighted by the camera.

Camera catches nature's tricks



WALTZ TIME, and the dancers wear bouffant gowns of hibiscus. Heads are snapdragon seeds, swathed in turbans.



COLONEL COCONUT says: "Curl the mo! I've always liked to see dancers wearing the old-fashioned skirt-length."

★

GARDEN CHOIR. All together now, boys, chorus: "Why Was I Born So Beautiful?" Snap into it you . . . you snapdragons . . .



THIS TINY PONY, photographed in Minnesota, U.S.A., is as much fun as a puppy for his young owners, and not much more powerful. He weighs only 24 pounds.

HIBISCUS BABIES head for home, their calyx cloaks wrapped round them. Maybe they'll grow up to win prizes at a flower show, if they use their heads.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 23, 1949

Fond of Tennis?



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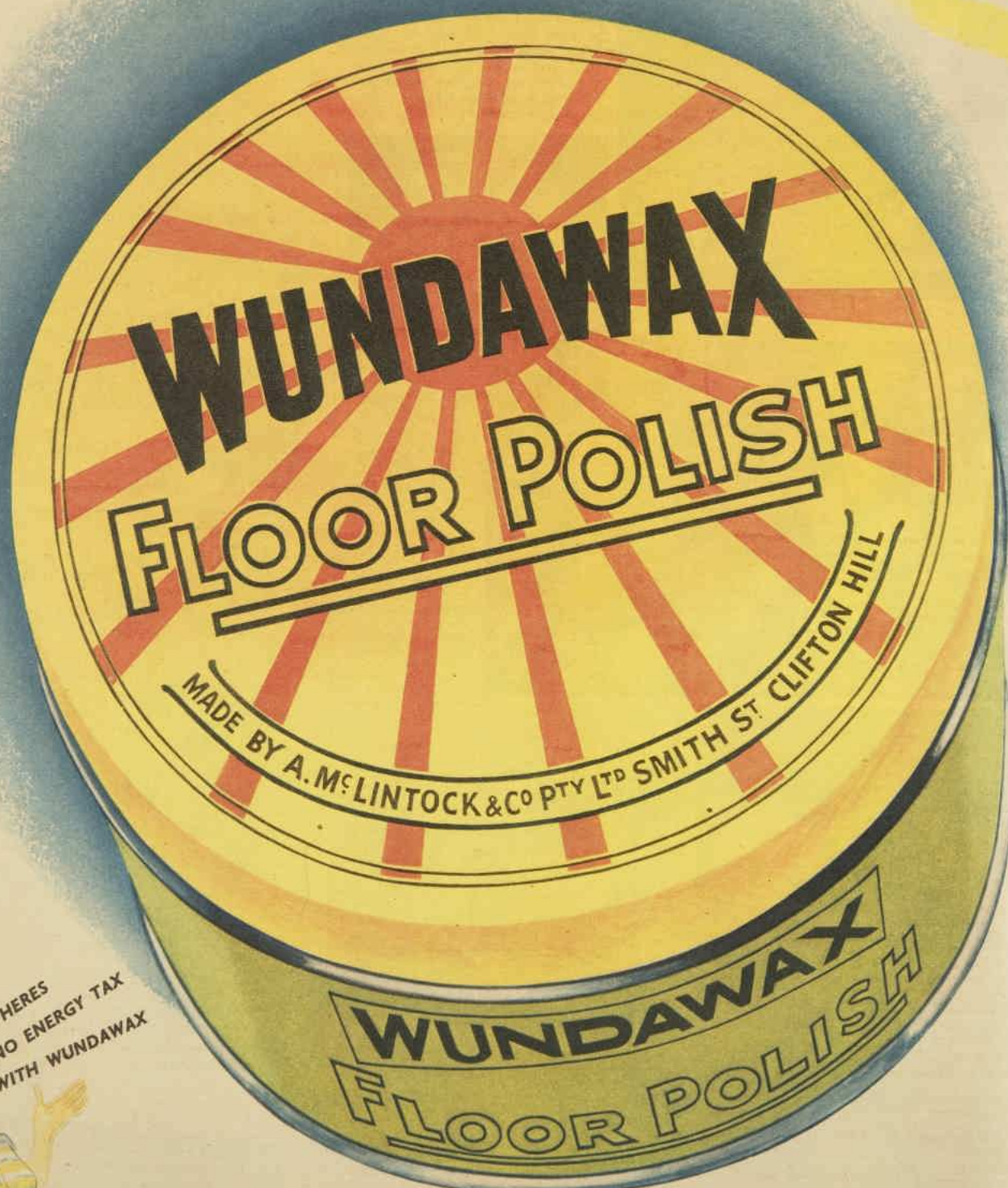
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Robert Morley's family will come here with him



COUNTRY COTTAGE, near Maidenhead, England, where actor Robert Morley relaxes with his family between shows. In the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Morley, their son Sheridan, and daughter Annabelle.

Noted English actor thinks travel best form of education

From LLOYD CLARKE, of our New York office

Robert Morley, English stage and screen star, will arrive in Australia in July to head the cast in his play, "Edward, My Son."

Mr. Morley was in his underwear when I interviewed him. He's probably one of the few men who could conduct an interview in a pair of purple underpants and a rather well-worn athletic singlet, and still retain an impressive dignity.

STOCKILY built, slightly portly, and suave, Morley had returned to his dressing-room after taking his fifth curtain call at Broadway's Martin Beck Theatre, where "Edward, My Son," is still playing to packed houses after nine months on "the Great White Way."

He was rejuvenating himself from the aged and bitter character he plays in the final act of the play and assuming the more pleasing personality that is the real Robert Morley.

He expects to open in Melbourne with "Edward, My Son," in August.

His wife and two children will travel with him, but, with the exception of himself, the cast will be recruited in Australia.

Despite his sophisticated, brittle cynicism, Robert Morley is a hearty fellow who lives in a country cottage near Maidenhead (England) and has an enormous devotion to, and pride in, his pretty blonde wife and their two husky children.

He refuses to travel without his family.

Mrs. Morley, who was present at the dressing-room interview, was formerly Joan Buckmaster, a daughter of the famous stage actress Gladys Cooper.

Quite content to leave the spotlight to her husband, Mrs. Morley says she's never happier than when she and Robert and the two children settle between shows in their English cottage.

"It's just all so old and beautiful and sort of so secure," she told me.

"The garden is lovely. It's beautiful and roomy for the children—and the Pekingese. I don't know how many Pekingese we have at the moment, but they are another of Robert's delights. We breed them."

Pekingese and Mr. Morley didn't seem to me to suit each other. I think them a trifle effeminate, and said so.

"What utter nonsense," the purple-painted Morley exploded. "You should pay a little more attention to these things. Pekingese, I'll have you know, not only represent a long and thoroughly cultured line of canine breeding, but they are brave and fearless little characters."

The two children are Sheridan, aged 7, and his 24-year-old sister, Annabelle.

Sheridan was born the night Robert Morley opened in the leading role in "The Man Who Came To Dinner" in London. At the end of the first act an usher rushed up with a message to say that he had just become the father of a hefty son.

"It seemed a wonderful omen. Joan and I decided immediately to call him after the character I was playing . . . the rather testy Sheridan Whiteside," Morley said.

Although seven, Sheridan has yet to see the inside of a school.

"Personally, I think schools are a lot of rot . . . at least the way they are run to-day. Our whole educational system's wrong," Mr. Morley stormed.

"If we left Sheridan in a school in England it would have to be a boarding school. I went to about six of them, and believe me, England has been wrecked by boarding schools."

"Joan takes very good care of Sheridan's education, and, I believe, even at this early age, he is learning by seeing other lands and other people while he is with us."

Mr. Morley admits that his own



ROBERT MORLEY in his famous role as Arnold Holt in "Edward, My Son." He will play this part on his Australian tour.

efforts to acquire a school-tie of which his family could be at least moderately proud were not altogether successful.

"I just got along. That's all. I always seemed to have trouble in school. I expect that's why I feel for young Sherry," he said.

"You know, my father actually had hopes of my being a diplomat. Had that ever happened, I'm sure the world would be in even greater chaos than it is to-day."

"Instead, I became impressed with the wonderful possibilities of being a beer salesman. I had developed a great interest in the theatre, but a



youngster coming up couldn't expect too much. So I stuck at beer selling, and took what stage work I could get.

"I studied pretty hard, and after a couple of weeks' run with one show I found that the beer business had lost all interest in my personality and my ability to sell 'suds,' as they say over here."

"The next step was selling vacuum-cleaners. And, oddly enough, I somehow feel there's quite a definite link between selling beer and vacuum-cleaners and putting over a play or a role in one."

"I've long wanted to visit Australia," Mr. Morley told me. "When I came to the United States and heard such a lot of talk about some horses called Bernborough and Shannon and Royal Gem, I felt that it was really necessary for me to go there."

Mr. Morley has two channels of relaxation into which he throws himself with uninhibited zest . . . the races and conversation.

"The races come first, of course," he emphasised. "I warmed to Australia the moment I discovered that they have horse races there all the year round."

"When Mr. Tait discussed the prospects of an Australian tour with me, I made a point of the fact that I most certainly don't expect to have any matinees on race days. If you have night racing, I expect I shall just have to make some sacrifices."

Mr. Morley was disappointed when he learned that Australian theatres had no bars, and smoking was not allowed.

Pacing the length of his dressing-room, he said: "British theatres, you know, are civilised. I was amazed to find that people aren't allowed to smoke in 'live' theatres here. Few of them have bars, either. But, with its British background, I felt sure that Australia would have been a little more sympathetic than New York."

"The theatre is many things to many people. No one can fully appreciate it unless he's completely at his ease," he said.

"Not being able to smoke doesn't help to put a man at his ease."

"And, as for bars. My dear fellow, you've no idea how many a play has been saved from a critic's condemnation simply because someone was able to arrange a timely visit to the bar when a rather flat scene was coming up."

FORMAL PORTRAIT of Robert Morley, who is bringing his play "Edward, My Son," to Australia, after successful New York season.

Mr. Morley, who is in his early forties, is probably best known for his portrayal of bitter, cynical and somewhat sinister old men. He was a crotchety Louis in "Marie Antoinette," the ruthless industrialist Undershaft in "Major Barbara."

Columnist Leonard Lyons recently asked Robert Morley which were his most prized notices. Morley decided he had got his best notice in a London court.

A defendant was being sentenced for a crime. Morley sat alone in a box reserved for visitors. The judge sentenced the man to six months and a fine. The defendant wasn't listening to the sentence. And as he was led off to gaol he asked his lawyer: "Wasn't that Robert Morley?"

Great role

IN "Edward, My Son," he is a power-loving newspaper tycoon who rides rough-shod over everyone in his efforts to build an empire for his son, who, incidentally, never appears in the play.

Of the play, Mr. Morley says: "Noel Langley and I wrote it together, and it's a great opportunity for an actor to be able to play a role which he has himself created."

"It's a part to get one's teeth into. Playing Arnold Holt, I really feel that I am Arnold Holt and that I know him."

Asked if he didn't think that this was the sort of role that would type him, where audiences were concerned, Mr. Morley, who in the meantime had donned grey striped pants and a black cut-away, adjusted his homburg, headed for the door, and said:

"My dear fellow, there are two sorts of actors. There are those who submerge themselves in their roles, and there are those who give performances, and so become stars."

"The former have their own rewards in their satisfaction at having done something into which they put their hearts. That's about all they get out of it."

"Stars, on the other hand, prosper. In this wicked world, my boy, I'm afraid I shall die poor."

ANZAC DAY

NEXT week will bring the celebration of Anzac Day, when the servicemen of two wars will parade in all Australian cities, and Australians everywhere will remember at what a cost the present uneasy peace was bought.

There is some divergence between the thoughts of the men who march on Anzac Day and the women who watch.

Men, while they mourn their lost comrades, recall as well all that was good in those ghastly years — the comradeship that comes alive again on such a day in a thousand meetings, the sublime courage that turned an average fellow into a hero, the sense of sharing in an enterprise that transcended self.

They recapture their youth, feel briefly again the sense of adventure that made them willing to give up the ways of peace for the grim deeds of battle.

Women cannot share this part of the day. They remember the long years of waiting, the nights of sharp, unbearable anxiety. They see again the look in the eyes of another woman who felt, when news of battle came, that her boy was there.

Common to all, however, is this conviction—that the victory twice gained will be thrown away, unless another can be won over mankind's criminal stupidity.

In next Monday's marches, many a father and son will march together. They will join with the women in a fervent prayer that the final victory will not require the sacrifice of yet another generation.

WORTH Reporting

MR. ROY BARNES, of Kogarah, N.S.W., admits he doesn't make a lot of money, but he leads the sort of life he likes.

Mr. Barnes is a song-writer who publishes his own songs, makes his living by selling them from door to door.

Where Mr. Barnes differs from many door-to-door salesmen is that he gives a sample of his wares free to prospective customers in a pleasant, trained baritone.

He tells us he has been earning his living by this means for the past four years, and during that time has sold 19,000 copies of his song, "Beside An Old Lattice Gate."

His plan is to work systematically through the Sydney metropolitan area. Once he tried a selling trip in the country, and did very well.

"I've found women easier to sell to than men," Mr. Barnes told us.

"My best customers are young women; they seem more romantic and sympathetic."

Mr. Barnes started writing songs at 17. He would like to have all his works published by a music firm, but so far has only had one, "Marching With MacArthur and His Men," accepted.

In six months the publishers sold 500 copies, but then dropped the song from their lists.

Like most composers, Mr. Barnes has found love an inspiring topic. "This Is Love" and "My Melody of Love," with "Beside An Old Lattice Gate," are the three songs he is selling just now, though he has written many others, ranging in style from what he describes as the near-classical "Early on a Pleasant Summer Morning" to songs with a boogie-woogie accompaniment.

AMERICAN magazines carry advertisements for "Tired glasses," guaranteed to cause amusement at a party. They are tumblers in "wilted" shapes, made of glass, but looking like paper cups do when used and squashed.

High cost of tortoises

PETS of all kinds are bringing high prices in Britain. Parrots command up to £100.

Before the war a tortoise could be bought at London markets for sixpence. Now one costs between £2/10/- and £4—perhaps not so expensive when you reflect that a tortoise's average life is 60 years.

Most tortoises are imported from South Africa. They need practically no care, as long as they have cabbage and lettuce leaves to eat and plenty of drinking water.

Ordinary tabby cats are fetching from 18/- to 30/- in the pet shops, while pedigree cats sell at from 15 to 30 guineas.

Well-bred dogs command prices up to £40.

White mice were considered dear at 6d. each in 1939. Now they cost at least 2/6.

Monkeys which used to sell at £3 now bring from £10 to £15.

Goldfish are sold by weight, the standard price being £12 a pound.



Woman professor talks of co-education

THERE is nothing cloistered about the lives of students at women's colleges in the United States, according to Miss Gwendolen Carter, who is at present visiting Australia.

Canadian-born Miss Carter, a cripple from infantile paralysis since early childhood, is associate professor of political science at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, the largest women's residential college in America. She is on a 13 months' sponsored tour studying British Commonwealth relations.

"My students often bring their boy-friends to classes, and, although we have no male pupils, I can assure you we go co-educational every week-end at Smith College," she told us.

"Hundreds of young men from other colleges visit Northampton to see our girls, while lots of the girls go off to dances and sporting events at men's colleges."

"There is a men's college within seven miles of Smith's," she added.

Miss Carter said that while the co-educational system followed by most American colleges has many advantages, particularly in establishing healthy comradeship between boys and girls, she thought girls made better progress at women's colleges.

"I have taught at mixed colleges, and I found that girls who know they are not toponch pupils are apt to be a little shy in expressing themselves in co-ed. classes because they think the boys will be amused," she said.

"Boys, on the other hand, are not shy. They don't mind making fools of themselves if it's going to provoke helpful discussion in class."

Miss Carter said another advantage of a women's college was that girls were trained for responsible citizenship by running their own debating society, newspaper, and student government, whereas at co-ed colleges boys were usually in control, and girls merely assisted with office duties.

American women, according to Miss Carter, have become politically minded in the past 15 years, and today they realised that they must be equally interested in foreign and home matters.

Widow and daughters wed same day

A MOTHER and two daughters were all married on the same day in Eddington, Yorkshire, England, last month.

When the mother, Mrs. Ethel Lidster, a widow for 14 years, decided to remarry, her two daughters persuaded her to wait until the day of their double wedding.

However, Mrs. Lidster was determined not to steal any limelight from her girls, so was married quietly a couple of hours before their wedding.

When she married Mr. Arthur Kirk, her only son and her five daughters were present in the church. Then she went home and helped 26-year-old Joyce and 23-year-old Dorothy to dress, attended their double wedding with her new husband. Later all three and their bridegrooms joined in a reception for 140 guests at the Parish Hall.

THE famous Fair Isle, between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, noted for its gaily patterned knitting, has been bought by bird-lover George Waterston, who intends to set up an observatory to study birds and bird migration.

Fair Isle is on one of the main bird migration routes which goes north through Britain, and then forks. One stream of birds goes on across the North Sea to Scandinavia, and the other turns north-west to Greenland and Iceland.

Films for use by churches

AMONG clergymen using religious sound films is the rector of All Saints', Nowra, New South Wales, the Rev. H. E. S. Doyle, who sometimes takes the talkie equipment to little churches in the surrounding countryside.

Mr. Doyle has been keenly interested in religious talkie films since he first used them in 1939. But the war cut off the supply, and it is only within the past two years that these films have become reasonably plentiful again in Australia.

"The educational value of modern sound films is widely recognised," says Mr. Doyle. "Some educational authorities claim that 85 per cent. of what we know has reached us through our eyes."

Believing that the use of films by the Church was an absolute necessity to attract a generation which is so much influenced by films, the rector hired talkie equipment at his own expense.

"Again and again," he told us, "the audience has been gripped by the realistic and reverent portrayal of some of the greatest stories of the Christian faith."

There are several film libraries in the Commonwealth specialising in the supply of religious films.

The Australian Religious Film Society in Melbourne, a non-profit-making company established by various churches, has a large stock of films for hire or sale.

"But showing films is still costly," Mr. Doyle told us. "Equipment costs between £200 and £250, and film programmes cost from about £1/10/- to £2/3/-, and sometimes more with advertising and transport costs."

Interesting People



CAPTAIN JOHN DIGGLE

... organises sports

ONE of the prime movers in organising sport for B.C.O.F. members in Japan, champion skier and Australian tennis blue (Adelaide University), young doctor Captain John Diggle thinks that sports can be as important as medicine. Winner of the all-Japan singles tennis championship and twice winner of the B.C.O.F. championship, Captain Diggle has been in Melbourne visiting his parents.



MISS DOROTHY WILBY

... new job

KNOWN to hundreds of V.A.s during war, Miss Dorothy Wilby, from 1942 to 1945 Assistant Controller of V.A.D. in N.S.W., is now publicity officer for A.B.C. in Queensland. Former Melbourne radio identity, she specialised in women's sessions, public relations, once ran biggest women's radio club ever organised in that city. Her liver-and-white cocker spaniel, James Agate, went with her to Brisbane.



MR. SAMUEL W. LUCAS

... inventor

LATEST invention of Adelaide's Mr. Samuel W. Lucas, the Lucas wheat thrower, is a portable machine for levelling off wheat in ship's holds. Two men operating thrower can do work of 35 hand-shovelers in a fraction of the time and at less cost than it takes at present. During war Mr. Lucas invented the acetylene generator, and two years ago patented a portable prefabricated wheat silo which has helped solve wheat storage problems.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





CORAL SEA BALL. President of Coral Sea Ball committee, Mrs. Frank Packer (centre), discusses plans at meeting with executive vice-president Mrs. Marcel Dekyere (right) and committee member Mrs. W. J. Smith. Ball, which will be held at Prince's on May 4, will benefit the Australian-American Association.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS. Mrs. H. Scofield (left), Mrs. K. R. King, and Mrs. Ernest Watt attend meeting of Coral Sea Ball. Ball will be held at Prince's on Wednesday, May 4, in aid of Australian-American Association.



DEB CURTSIES TO GOVERNOR. Lieut.-General John Northcott acknowledges Judith Snelling's curtsy when she makes her debut at University Settlement Ball, held at University. Mrs. W. J. Hull (in background) was matron of honor.

Intimate Gossipings

WEATHER-MAN behaves beautifully for opening day of Royal Easter Show, and turns on glorious sunshine. Whether your fancy lay with watching prize cattle judging, or securing a spool of fairy floss and bag of samples, it was a delightful day's outing.

ARRIVE at cattle judging in time to see some of the prize Herefords gambol into ring. Joan Snow, of Cuppacumbalong, Queanbeyan, who shows cattle for her father, Mr. Frank Snow, gives final beauty treatment with currycomb to one of their herd before facing judges with beautifully groomed animal. Joan stands out in her trim riding kit, which sets off her attractive blondness. Joan and her parents contemplate trip to England, and will probably bring back new blood stock to improve herd.

PRATTEN family, George and Jean, Dave and Vi, Gilbert and Valmai, divide their interest between Hereford and Devon judgings. George exhibits Devons and Dave's interest is in Herefords. In Devon novice classes, 12 months and under 18 months, George's bull, Glen Moan Bugle Boy, gets first, and his six months and under twelve months' bull, Glen Moan Coronet, also receives a first. Their Glen Moan May Day carried off first for calf, six months and under twelve months.



THE Dave Prattens' Three Station's Three Miss Minerva 2nd brought a first for her owners in 18 months and under 21 months class.

ROYAL SHOW. Sugwas Laura 6th, imported 3-year-old Hereford cow, is admired by Miss Thelma McMaster, who exhibits at Royal Show. She is with Mr. J. Sparks, of Northern Downs, Queensland, and her father, Sir Frederick McMaster, of Dalketh, Cansilis. Sugwas Laura received a first in her class.

CHAT with Mrs. Roy McCaughey, who returned from abroad with her husband just in time to be here for the Show. She tells me she is thrilled at their luck this year in getting so many ribbons, and particularly with her own first with Borambola Broadbooks Landlady 2nd in the 15 months and under 18 months class. While overseas she bought a shorthorn heifer, and Roy purchased a shorthorn bull and heifer. I ask what does she do with the numerous ribbons they have collected, and she tells me that their herdsman, Fred Dawson, of Borambola Park, near Wagga, has made a magnificent bedspread of the prize-ribbons, which he proudly displays.

ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Peter White, of Havilah, watched judging with her husband. They were thrilled when their cattle brought so many firsts in the Devon section. Arthur and Marj Cobcroft were other exhibitors who watched judging with great interest. Their Hereford cattle brought home many prizes.

WANDERING along looking at the horries, spy the Mills family, Johnny and his attractive wife, Winifred, with their daughter, Judy, and son-in-law, John Amory. Johnnie and Judy were dressed for the part and were in snappy riding-kit.

SMART feminine punters at Warwick Farm Meeting at Randwick were Mrs. Ross Arnott, Mrs. Sverre Kaaten, and Mrs. Leslie Hill, of Moree.

LOTS of pre-wedding parties for vivacious Jeannette Poate, who plans marriage with Gordon King on April 30 at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Her two bridesmaids, Audrey and Janet King, sisters of the bridegroom-to-be, will give pre-wedding luncheon for Jeannette, and her sister, Marcelle (Mrs. Neville Hoddle), will give spinsters' dinner this Thursday at Prince's. Ross Field, who is one of the groomsmen, will give a pre-wedding party at his home this Saturday.

COUNTRY interest in wedding of Norma Burgess, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Burgess, of Coolah, and Bob Attwood, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Viv Attwood, of Oban, Coolah. Wedding celebrated at St. Andrew's Church, Coolah, and reception held at the Golf House. Norma wears Chantilly lace for her bridal gown. Her sister Elvie, and Helen Attwood, are bridesmaids, and Judith Burgess and Phyllis Attwood are two little flower-girls. Norma and Bob will make their future home at Springville, Eucareena, near Molong, where Bob is manager of property.

WELL-KNOWN country lass Barbara Patterson, of Tamworth, and her grandmother, Mrs. Baldwin, of Manilla, sailed for England recently. They were farewelled by several of Barbara's Tamworth friends, and also Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Barbara and Mrs. Baldwin plan to be away in England for some months.



OLD SYDNEIANS' BALL. President of Old Sydneians' Union, Mr. Justice Herron, Lady Boyce, and Sir Leslie Boyce watch Governor's daughter, Elizabeth Northcott, cut celebration cake. Proceeds of ball aid school war memorial fund.



HAY PICNICS. Mrs. W. Austin, of Hay, Mrs. Fred Griffith, Albury, Mrs. F. McFarlane, of Hay, and Mrs. Harry Austin, Hay, attend two-day Hay picnic race meeting together. Racecourse was P.O.W. camp until last year.



HAPPY COUPLE. Paul Brown and his bride, formerly Jocelyn Cuttle, leave St. Mark's for reception at Australian Golf Club. Paul and Jocelyn will make home on Paul's parents' property near Camden.



RACEGOERS. Jocelyn Simpson, secretary of Hay picnic races, Mr. H. R. Parker, of Gre Gre Station; Mr. W. P. Mein, of Melbourne; president of Hay picnics, Mr. Ian P. Mein, of Bringadee Station, Carrathool, and Mrs. Ian Mein.

We give this firm promise to young Couples



The Liberal Party, when returned to office, will regard as its paramount and most vital responsibility the speeding-up of the housing programme. We will not allow any other public works, other than those of the most extreme urgency, to be given priority over home-building.

The Liberal Party gives a firm undertaking to the many thousands of young engaged couples in Australia who are forced to postpone marriage, and possibly throw away the happiest years of their lives, because they cannot get a home of their own . . . and to couples already married who are suffering the same penalty.

You are penalised to-day by the Chifley Government, which gives priority to extravagant building plans for Government Departments, which fails to check restrictive, go-slow tactics in the building industry or to increase production of many essential building materials. In other words, the very Government which claims to be the champion of the average man and woman is the Government that is depriving you of a home and, by starving State Governments of funds, preventing even your State Government from helping you.

We will not allow any public works, except those of extreme urgency, to be given priority over home-building.

R. G. Menzies

R. G. MENZIES,
PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA.

What a change of government will mean to the people of Australia

A lower cost of living through increased production . . . Tax reductions when due and possible . . . Subsidies for home-building . . . Encouragement and reward of initiative and enterprise . . . Incentive payments for workers and producers . . . A fairer deal for middle-income groups . . . Banning of Communist Party . . . Effective stabilisation of primary industry . . . Integrity of government.

Authorised by R. M. Cleland, 30 Ash Street, Sydney.

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 4

SUSAN said slowly: "So that's all really. Some of the words, taken alone, were sort of, well, provocative. Gave me a notion for a story. I wrote the story, and used that part of the telegram in it. The story was published about two days ago. And it was that part of the telegram which I used in the story that Albert Shepley wanted to ask me about."

"Why?"

"He said it wasn't the story that he was interested in. But the telegram seemed to fit."

"Fit what, for goodness' sake?"

"I don't know. He wouldn't say. He said he was in trouble, that that telegram had some significance. He seemed to think I ought to know something about it—who sent it or to whom it was really addressed."

"What was the telegram?"

"It was a long one. I can't remember all of it."

"You can remember what you used in your story, can't you?" Steven inquired drily.

"Yes. That was: 'Buyer and Bert arrive air Tuesday remove green look out sweetheart.' The words were not in sequence just like that. They were taken from the rest of the telegram. Although I believe the first few words, 'Buyer and Bert arrive air Tuesday,' were in that order in the telegram. 'Remove' and 'green' and 'look out' were taken from the rest of it."

"Green what?"

"Just green," Susan said tersely.

"But green is an adjective."

"Remove green," said Susan stubbornly. "I think those two words came together. Just like that. And a little further on was 'look out.'"

"Look-out with a hyphen?" Steven asked. "Or look out, there's a snake?"

"I don't know. I took it to mean, look out, there's a snake."

"Remove green look out," Steven murmured. "Maybe it's a gang. Bert is a nickname for Albert. Was that why he thought the message had something to do with him?"

"I don't know. He wouldn't tell me anything. He just questioned me. I told him exactly how it happened. He asked me if I couldn't remember the rest of the message, and I couldn't." Susan's voice was troubled. She was frowning.

"I had an impression that he suspected something had gone wrong in his affairs, and that he was struck with the telegram in my story, because it seemed to fit whatever he was worried about. It was something he hated to believe, and he had tried to conquer his suspicion. I felt sure of that. But he wouldn't tell me about it."

"When I advised him to go to a private detective, he refused. Flatly. As if there might be some kind of family trouble that he didn't want the police to know about. Yet 'buyer' certainly implies business. And he said—Oh, Steven, he did say a queer thing when I suggested a private detective."

She frowned, seeking the exact words. "He said, 'No, but I'll take them to a jeweller. Right away.'"

"Take what?" Steven asked.

"I don't know. I don't know anything except that he was perplexed, and worried, as if he'd had something on his mind that he was uncertain about."

Steven repeated thoughtfully: "Buyer and Bert. Arrive air Tuesday. Remove green look out. Sweetheart." He shook his head. "Bert was a coincidence. That's all. He already had the wind up about something and was snatching at straws."

"Yes, possibly. Except it was more than the name that struck him. He asked me if it was a foggy day when I received it. I told him yes. He asked as you did, 'Green what?' And if I was sure that 'look out' was in the original message. And then he—oh, Steven! Then he took it."

"Look what?" Steven said firmly.

"Don't wait like that!"

"Look the poison. But he didn't mean to. Because he pulled out a little box with a prescription number on it. He took out a pill and swallowed it. And apologised for taking the medicine. And then, all at once, he looked queer."

Trembling again, she went on: "He opened the box again and poured the other pills, two of them, into the palm of his hand and sort of felt them all round with the

fingers of his other hand. Then he seemed satisfied and put the box back in his pocket. He asked me to go with him in his taxi, as we were going in the same direction. I couldn't very well refuse, so we got in the taxi and he—he—died!"

"Hold on, Susie!" Steven said.

"Listen. You said you knew five names. I suppose he mentioned five people."

"Yes, he did. Camilla Shepley was one. She's his wife, he said. And he looked almost sick with relief when I said I had never heard of her. He mentioned another woman. Her first name was Jane, but I can't remember her other name."

"What did he say about them?"

"Nothing. He only asked if I knew them."

"And the other names?"

"All men. One was Carter Stone. One was a queer name, Reginald Luerson. The other was Mason. He didn't tell me who they were."

After a moment Steven said: "You say you used only part of the message. Where's the rest of it?"

"I threw it away. I tore it up and threw it away. More than a year ago. There was something about a recent purchase in it. That's all I remember."

She closed her eyes. She could see her erstwhile host's white, long face, his nervous, long fingers crumbling up breadcrumbs as he leaned over the table towards her.

After a moment, she went on: "He said, 'The telegram in your story applies. It explains something I must know about. But that's it, you see. It doesn't quite apply. I must know who was meant.'"

She looked anxiously at Steven.

"He said those very words, Steven. He wasn't afraid, exactly, but he was in trouble. I'm sure of that. Oh, I wish I'd never heard of him or the telegram or that club."

"Take it easy, Susie," Steven said quickly. "Don't lose your grip. Wait a minute here."

THEY were passing a brightly lighted drugstore.

The taxi with its silent passenger had gone on ahead. Stopping the car, Steven went into the shop, returning some minutes later with a paper cup in his hand and a magazine under one arm.

He got into the car again.

"The taxi-driver will be having spasms when he misses us," he said. "Here, drink this."

He pushed the paper cup into Susan's hand. It held a dark brown cold mixture. She drank it dutifully, and they turned on to Black-lake Avenue.

"The house ought to be along here somewhere," he said. "I telephoned the police. Don't worry."

Very soon Steven sighted the taxi and stopped some distance from it. For a thoughtful moment he stared gloomily ahead of him.

Then he said: "I hope you're wrong, Susie. Well, we'll soon know. The police doctor will be here. Somebody's got to face the family. You said he mentioned his wife's name?"

"Camilla Shepley. And Jane something I can't remember. And the names of the men were Carter Stone, Luerson, and Mason."

"How many tenants are there in the apartment house you live in?"

"I don't know. Forty, perhaps."

"Well, the address and the name of the person to whom the telegram was sent must have been similar to your own. It ought to be fairly easy to find out who it was intended for. Here, you'd better take this."

He put the magazine in her lap. "There's a copy of your story 'To show the police.'"

The house, a tall, narrow, three-story building, was almost in the middle of a long block with street lights at each end. Trees and heavy black shadows, and where shrubbery was massed round the house it was very dark.

The taxi-driver's short, stout figure came out of a blotch of blackness towards them. He was wiping his forehead.

"Gee, Mr. Cavan, I thought you'd mistaken the address," he said.

"I telephoned the police," Steven said. "They ought to be here soon. There'll be a doctor. It was probably only a heart attack, but you'd have to report it anyway."

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TEENA



By
HILDA TERRY
Sole
Mates



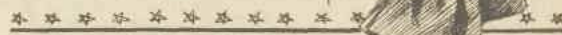
FASHION FLASHES

BY
LUX



New York calls it
"the SHAWL"

Basic grey frock that lunches or dines. Shoulder shawl with deep-pocket ends. Washable? But yes — with Lux. For Lux keeps that Vogue look in wools and woolies so much longer.



Neat Scotch!



Scotch as heather — and just as pretty! Clan-plaid: wool plus dark, dark jersey. Both wonderful — both washable. But remember! Woolens stay lovely far longer if you treat them to Lux instead of using harsh soaps.



Pretty Personal!

Dreamy goodnight-dress. A joy to have and behold — in fine, fine wool. How to keep it enchanting? Lux whisks out perspiration before it can do harm — keeps all lingerie lovely.



For the man
in your life!



Nice to be near — all winter. Especially if you're a good wife and keep ALL his woolies soft and fleecy the Lux way. But beware of rubbing with harsh soap — (lukewarm Lux suds only!)



THAT SMART LOOK — IT'S THE LUX LOOK

U.307-WV14

Miss Dare in Danger

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IT was so still that the sound of a siren a few minutes later came to their ears from far off, clear and premonitory. Susan could feel herself stiffen. Steven and the taxi-driver straightened up. The siren came nearer, until suddenly it screamed along the street, then it was cut off sharply.

A car stopped behind Steven's. The engine was cut off, then car doors slammed loudly. As the taxi-driver turned away to meet the dark, uniformed figures of two policemen, Steven caught Susan by the shoulders and held her a moment.

"Remember this, Susan," he said urgently. "The only thing to do is tell them everything."

Suddenly he kissed her. Briefly and unexpectedly, but as if he had his mind on it just the same. "Okay, Susie," he said. "Now for it."

Susan waited, huddled in the car, while Steven talked to the police. The whole affair now had taken on a quality of unreality. This isn't really happening, she thought, as the men clustered about the taxi, the driver talking volubly and pointing.

It seemed a long time before Steven came back to her. He said, "They think it's poison, all right. They'll question you. They're going to the house now to telephone headquarters and to tell the family. You'd better come too, I think."

They went through the shadowy grounds to the front door of the house. Susan, flanked by Steven

and one of the policemen, still had that feeling of unreality about the whole affair.

Carter Stone came to the door in response to the policeman's ring. Susan didn't know then, of course, that it was Carter Stone. She knew only that a man of about thirty, clean-shaven, with his shirt open at the throat, opened the door and stood there.

He was dark, with wavy dark hair combed back straight on his well-shaped head, and a pallid but rather handsome face.

"Albert Shepley's residence?" the policeman inquired.

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Mrs. Shepley here?"

"Yes. But what is it? What's happened? I'm Carter Stone, Mr. Shepley's secretary."

"Carter!"

A woman's voice, high and soft, issued from somewhere inside the house. Carter Stone didn't move for an instant or two except that a curiously blank and rigid expression came over his handsome face and his eyes slid to one side.

He turned then and spoke rather sharply over his shoulder: "Wait a minute, Camilla. I don't know what's happened."

She didn't wait, but came quickly from somewhere behind him, a soft, small, blond woman, once very pretty and still clinging to that prettiness. Her red lips were petulant, her eyes lined but carefully

made up. Her face was white with powder and a musky perfume hung like a cloud around her.

She stared at the policeman.

"Carter!" she cried sharply. "Police!"

"Mrs. Shepley?" the policeman said. And as her blond curls moved up and down, he said, "Sorry, madam, but your husband is dead. He's been brought home."

"Albert!" she cried on a sharp upward note. Carter Stone put his arm around her quickly as she cried, "I can't believe it!"

"Camilla, you'd better go upstairs," he urged. "Officer, there must be a mistake. He was in perfectly good health."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders.

"He's in the cab. It looks as if he died of poison."

Camilla screamed. Carter Stone just stood there, holding Camilla, his eyes fixed and still under their heavy eyelids. Another figure came running down the stairs behind them and halted, too, at the door on the other side of Carter Stone.

The newcomer was a woman of about thirty, extremely plain. Her unattractive face was glistening from heat and the lack of make-up. Straight hair, incongruously decorated with a small bow, was pulled back from her ears. She wore heavily rimmed spectacles.

She cried sharply, "What is this? An accident?"

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THE policeman said, "I'll just use your telephone, if you please. It's a case for the police doctor." He entered, and Steven and Susan followed him.

Camilla turned her soft, smooth cheek toward Carter Stone's shoulder, and began to sob. Jane, the plain woman in spectacles, questioned sharply and quickly. Carter Stone patted Camilla absently, replied to Jane, and looked at the policeman and Steven with a weary interest in his eyes.

It was odd, but it seemed to Susan that, as she stepped into the hall, Carter Stone's glance fixed itself upon her for a still and extremely thoughtful instant. Yet when she studied him closely, it was to find his face had become only a handsome, blank mask with eyes that peered somewhere else.

Then a servant came from the rear of the house. He was a Burmese with an alert, quiet walk, and a yellow, shiny face.

Other policemen were arriving, the body was being brought into the house on a stretcher, and it was being identified. After a while, it was carried out again.

"Get a report, quick," said Saul Murphy, the lieutenant of police, after sending a brief nod in Steven's direction.

Camilla kept sobbing and repeating she couldn't believe it. Bert wouldn't take poison himself, and who would give it to him? The girl Jane, a little impatiently, told her she must stop crying and answer the questions the police wanted to ask.

When they moved through the wide doorway into the front drawing-room, and somebody turned on lights there, Susan followed and sat quietly on a hassock near the door.

Gradually out of the welter of questions, of exclamation and telephone calls and directions, certain facts began to emerge. They came, for the most part, from Jane Michells, the woman with the spectacles.

Albert Shepley had been fifty-five. He had been married to Camilla for twenty years. They had always

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 21

lived in the house on Blacklake Avenue. There were no children. There were in fact no near relatives. There was plenty of money, and he had been in reasonably good health and good spirits.

Camilla, sobbing, interrupted here and said Albert wouldn't have taken poison. There was no reason for him to commit suicide.

"Hush, Camilla," Carter Stone said softly. "It's got to be either suicide or murder and—it can't be murder."

"Sorry," Lieutenant Murphy said. "That's just it. It could be murder. Please go on. When did he leave the house?"

Jane went on. He had left the house about seven, saying merely that he had a business engagement. Her eyes rested lightly upon Susan as she said that.

Jane Michells. Camilla Shepley. Carter Stone. Susan thought back to the other two names Shepley had mentioned—Luerson, Mason—and listened for them.

She began to perceive by the direction of Lieutenant Murphy's questions that, during the little time while she waited in the car, Steven had managed to acquaint the police with the outline of her own story.

For, almost at once, the lieutenant began to question them about the medicine Albert Shepley had been in the habit of taking.

Camilla gave a convulsive sob. Jane adjusted her spectacles and said it was for a digestive disorder.

"I don't know what was in the pills," Jane said. "His doctor could tell you."

"I see. You are a relative, Miss Michells?"

"No. I'm his secretary. I live in the house."

"But I thought Mr. Stone acted in that capacity?" Carter Stone lifted cur-

ving, silken eyebrows. He said, "Jane does his letters, and all that. I go with him when he—er—travels."

"What was his business?"

Carter Stone said, "He was once a wholesale jeweller. He retired from active business three years ago. I was one of his salesmen. Jane was his secretary. When he sold his place he kept us on."

"Two secretaries," Lieutenant Murphy said, looking puzzled. "Why?"

Camilla sobbed and said, "For the necklace."

Susan was remembering. "I'll take them to a jeweller," Albert Shepley had said.

"Necklace?" Lieutenant Murphy was asking.

"Why, yes, of course," began Camilla.

Carter Stone broke in quickly. "Bert was an expert. Since he re-

tired from business, he had undertaken a few private commissions." So he had been called Bert, Susan thought.

"Such as—"

"Such as buying some special stone, like the star sapphire for Mrs. Greenwood. Perhaps you saw pictures of it in the papers? He collected five star sapphires for a film star lately. That took two years. Finding the exact color and star, you know. It requires an expert."

Camilla said suddenly, "We must send telegrams to everybody. Oh, I can't believe it!" She looked at Susan and added, "Who is she? I never saw her before. What does she know about it?"

Lieutenant Murphy said, "Miss Dare had dinner with him. Didn't you, Miss Dare?"

"Dinner!" cried Camilla. "But he said business!"

"It was business," Susan retorted.

Lieutenant Murphy said, "You might tell Mrs. Shepley just what happened, Miss Dare." He spoke easily, almost blandly, so Susan felt a wave of reassurance sweep over her. Which unfortunately did not last. Almost in the same instant she recognised the disarming quality of that blandness.

"Miss Dare didn't know him," Steven interposed quickly, before she could speak. "Never saw him before and knows nothing at all about this. He asked her to dinner to discuss a matter of business. Afterwards he offered to give her a lift in his taxi. She was coming to meet me. He died in the taxi."

He stepped nearer the officer and turned so only Susan and Murphy saw his face. He put a slip of paper in the hand of the officer, then lounged back to lean against the door.

LIEUTENANT MURPHY glanced at the slip of paper and said in that deceptively bland way: "The address. Sorry, Miss Dare, but I'll have to keep you here awhile."

"But if you never saw him before, that isn't possible," Camilla interrupted sharply. "Lieutenant, she must have known my husband. And who is that man?" She indicated Steven.

Lieutenant Murphy said, "Mr. Cavan," as if that explained it. He was still very bland. He put the slip of paper in his pocket and Steven turned on, Susan estimated roughly, about ten degrees of charm for the comely blonde's benefit.

"Your husband, Mrs. Shepley, telephoned to ask Miss Dare for an appointment because she is a writer," he said. "He was thinking of writing a book about jewellery and asked her advice. Didn't you know that?"

Susan restrained a gasp of admiration. Camilla's green eyes warmed and then narrowed. "Why, no, I didn't," she said, after a moment. "But then what happened? Why did he die like that?"

"That is what I'm trying to find out," said Lieutenant Murphy, then came back to the point. "What about this necklace?"

There was a little silence. Carter Stone's silky lashes masked his dark eyes. For a long moment Camilla looked at the lieutenant and then put her handkerchief to her eyes again. The girl Jane, shrugged her narrow shoulders.

"What necklace?" she asked coldly. But Lieutenant Murphy had certain staying powers.

"The necklace Mrs. Shepley started to talk about a few minutes ago," he said. "Why don't you want to talk about it?"

Jane's sleek eyebrows went up. After a moment she said, "Well, really, Lieutenant, there's nothing to discuss. If Mrs. Shepley has no objection to revealing business secrets, it's all right with me."

"Jane!" Camilla cried.

Please turn to page 26



Man's best friend ... THE HORSE



FEATHERWEIGHT WATERPROOF CLOTHING

There are men whose work must still go on, no matter how hard the rain falls. To such people waterproof clothing is a vital necessity, and they know the time-tested qualities of the "Aberdeen" Featherweight Waterproof Coat. Lined with Japara waterproofed cloth, "Aberdeen" Featherweight Canvas Coats button right over and keep the wearer completely dry—the epaulet cape covers all the shoulder seams, giving protection where it is most needed. With reinforced elbows and roomy pockets, they'll give you warmth without weight—complete protection from teeming rain and biting cold. Keep yourself dry throughout the wettest winters... by fitting out with an "Aberdeen" Featherweight Waterproof Coat.

Throughout the ages the horse has been man's best friend, and it is only natural that, with the advent of colder weather, man will look to adequate protection for his best friend against the cold wet winter winds. No more effective method of protection can be found than by rugging with "Aberdeen" rugs.

"Aberdeen" Horse Rugs are made from time-defying waterproof cloth, lined with snug, fleecy felt. "Aberdeen" rugs are tailored to ensure a perfect fit, and the patented adjustable straps do not allow the rug to slip, chafe or slide off.

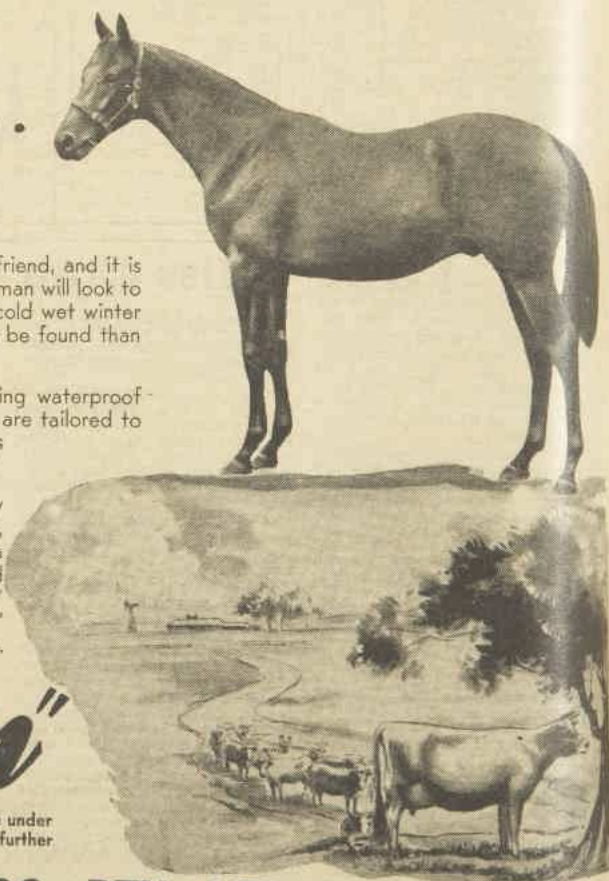
Cows, too, will yield better results if rugged by "Aberdeen." A warm, contented animal eats less, keeps freer from ills, and produces more milk with a higher butterfat content. Have a more contented herd this winter and a larger milk cheque. Only "Aberdeen" tailored rugs ensure snugness of fit, and "Aberdeen" materials guarantee warmth, protection and long wear.

"Aberdeen"

For over 54 years canvas goods of every type have been made under the famous trade-name "Aberdeen." Ask your local dealer for further information—or write direct to the manufacturers.

SMITH COPELAND & CO. PTY. LTD.

33 Regent Street, Sydney Phone M 4181-2-3
Makers of Finer Canvas Goods, Blinds and Furnishings for over 54 Years



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 23, 1948



Make Hubby
the best dressed
MAN
in your street..



... and he'll love
you for it!

If your man has been neglecting to buy himself a much-needed tailored-to-measure suit, you can give him a wonderful surprise! Don't tell him, but mail the coupon below, and we'll send you back details of the most attractive tailored-to-measure proposition in Australia!

- ★ His new suit tailored to his individual measurements from £11.8/9.
- ★ Perfect fit guaranteed, and delivery in 30 DAYS.
- ★ 50 attractive patterns to choose from.
- ★ Same service for sports trousers, too!

BUT ... if you live in Sydney ...
Bring hubby in to our spacious Showrooms and leisurely choose the material and style which will suit him most attractively.

H. J. COONEY PTY. LTD.

449 PITT STREET, SYDNEY (2nd Floor),
Opp. Hotel Sydney. M6348.
"Just up from the corner of Pitt and Campbell Sts."

Country and Interstate Readers—mail this coupon

H. J. COONEY Pty. Ltd., 449 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I wish to obtain full details of your tailored-to-measure service for my out-band. Please forward, without obligation, self-measurement form, style brochure, and patterns for suit, dinner suit, sports trousers, sports coat, overcoat. (Strike out whichever is NOT required).

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

The Australian Women's Weekly, 23.4.49

It seems to me ...

TWO parties took place concurrently in Sydney recently in different rooms on the same floor of a big hotel.

One was given to demonstrate television, the other for the aboriginal singer, Harold Blair.

The television party in a way pointed a moral for the other. It was a reminder that man's talent for invention and knowledge far outruns his ethical development.

Because of a chance discovery of Harold Blair's talent, he now takes a place among white people, who can discover for themselves that he differs only in his color.

He has said that there are plenty of his people who, given the same opportunity, could do as well as he in different fields.

All the progress made by white civilisations in the scientific field will be valueless if racial tolerance doesn't continue to develop.

Naturally enough after the party conversation ran on race discrimination.

A father said that his son attends a school where there are several boys of Asiatic descent, including one partly Malayan. The other boys, he says, show no sign whatever of feelings of superiority. All get on well together.

Which suggests, hopefully, that discrimination is taught, not inborn.



Dorothy Drain

By

IN the news lately items keep recurring about mechanical brains.

Inventor claim for these devices the most remarkable results. They do immense feats of calculation, solve all kinds of problems, and, according to its inventor, Dr. William Ross Ashby, of Gloucester, England, may one day be developed into an artificial brain more powerful than any human intellect.

How these things work I don't know, and it's no use telling me, I wouldn't grasp it.

Small boys have sometimes tried to explain to me the principles of electric light. I listen attentively, mulling after them such words as "ampere" and "filament," but soon my eye glazes over, and my mind wanders.

Worse still, even smaller boys sometimes ask me questions. When they do, I temporarily wish to be transported back to the 18th century, when there must have been a great deal less to explain and to understand.

Small girls are not quite so difficult. They are more inclined to ask, "Why do you put that stuff on your nails?"

Even Dr. Ashby's mechanical brain, I feel, can devise no better answer for that one than "Because I imagine it looks nice."

ACCORDING to executives of Vestey's, Ltd., a master drovers of the good old days are dying out.

They believe that eventually droving will be replaced by road trains of three or four large trailers coupled together.

It sounds a logical development of modern transport, but it brings a wistful echo of Banjo Paterson:

"As the stock are slowly striding, Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know."

Instead—
While the petrol fumes grow staler, and the stock jolt in the trailer,
Clancy, just like any townsman, tunes the dashboard radio.

AMERICAN scientists can turn trees into sugar, and the sugar into molasses, alcohol and yeast.

The scientists are working on a method of turning the yeast into synthetic hamburgers. These experts could already make a drinkable whisky from trees in four hours.

Do come to dinner on Sunday. We're chopping down a tree!

OBITUARY notices often illuminate the queer variety of activities that bring fame.

There died in Britain the other day Dr. Norman Morrison, aged 79, "believed to have been the only man to have recorded the respiration of the adder and the heart-beat of the common eel."

Newspapers are usually very chary of the word "only." All reporters know that the moment you write a paragraph naming the only man who ever skated on the ceiling drinking spinach juice through a straw at the same time, someone writes to say that in their corner of the continent there is an old gentleman of 93 who may be seen doing this very thing any time the reporter cares to come and check the statement.

That is why, you will note, the cabled item about Dr. Morrison prefaced his claim to uniqueness by saying "believed to be."

However, I repeat the statement fecklessly, for if any of our readers are busy recording the heart-beats of the common eel, I'd be happy to hear from them.

RUMMAGING through a lot of relics the other day I came on an exercise book neatly labelled "Cash book."

It was ruled off in columns, with headings such as "farens," "cigarettes," "lunches," "clothing" and "sundries."

This extraordinary enterprise, I recall, covered a period of about one month in wartime, when four of us decided to find out where our salaries went.

We found out where the money went, but, as it still went, we decided no useful purpose was served.

I was about to throw the book out, then decided to preserve it. Already the prices recorded have a historic flavor.

I'VE just seen a picture of a new fishing rod, invented in America, which rings a buzzer and lights a small globe when the fish is on the hook.

This doesn't impress me in the least. No invention I can imagine could supersede the exciting, old-fashioned way of knowing a fish is on the hook. More useful would be a device to keep it there.

THE tendency to demand that beauty queens have brains is growing.

Boys at the University of Southern California, who annually select from the co-eds a "Dream Girl," are arranging this year that the winner must pass an I.Q. test drawn up by a psychology professor.

Among the questions she will be asked is "Do you make important decisions yourself?"

I strongly suspect that question of having a catch in it. If the winning young lady really has brains she will answer it carefully, with a submissive flutter of her beautiful eyelashes.

THOUGHTS on learning that a tube device to allow submarine crews to breathe under ice is called a snorkel:—
Going to sea with a snorkel

Is enough to make lots of people bailkel.

Most of them would rather float like a corkel.

Whether in a sailing ship living on salt porkel.

Or on a luxury liner with cocktails and small talkel.

While seacock types would in any case prefer to walkel.

Every time you buy shoe polish
buy **NUGGET**



for every
coloured
leather

THE DAILY DOSE OF NUGGET
keeps shoes bright, keeps them right
BLACK, Dk. TAN, BLUE, Etc.
(STAIN)

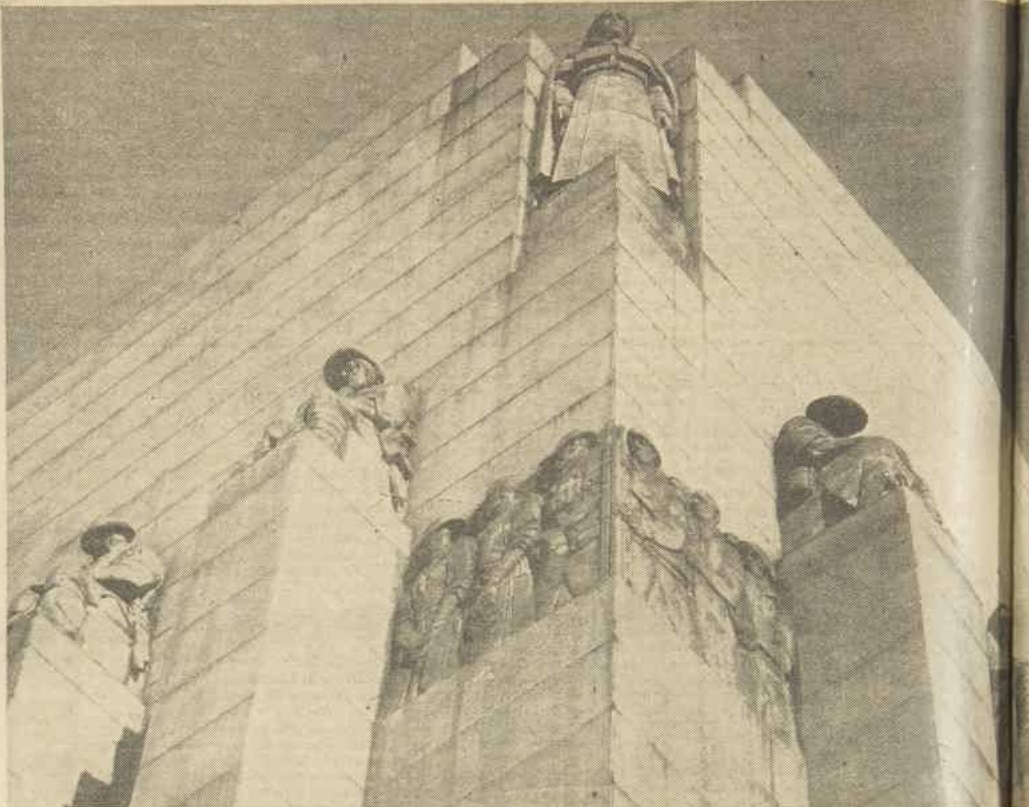
... in the handy lever-opener tin

NEW INTEREST IN SYDNEY'S ANZAC MEMORIAL

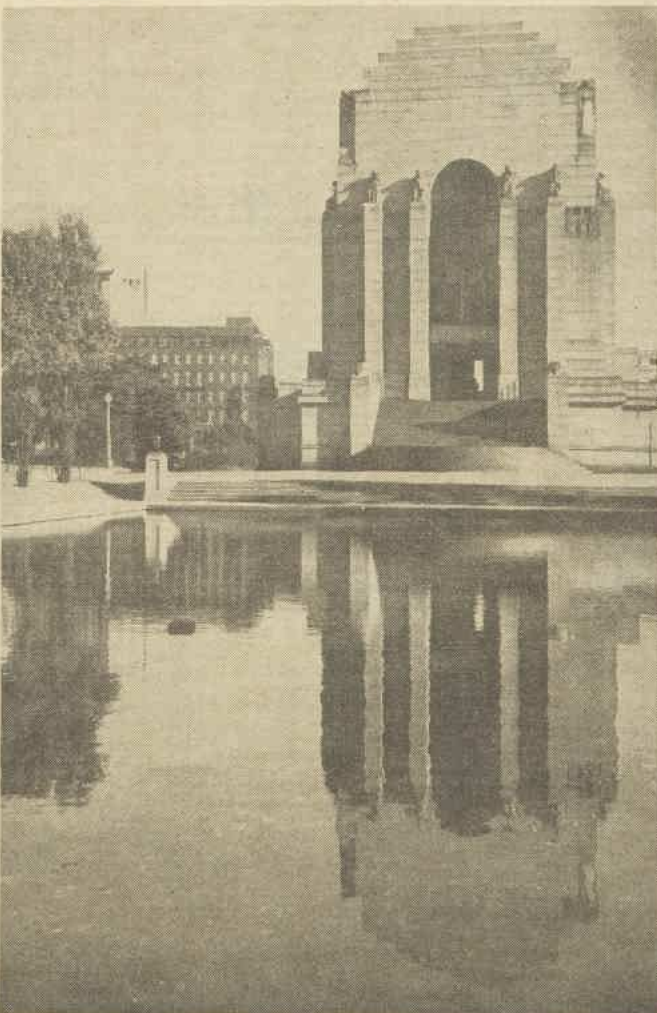


ANZAC MEMORIAL, in Hyde Park, is approached from north through avenue of Indian figs. Tree was removed half-way down first path from Lake.

Page 24



CAST GRANITE FIGURES of men and women of the A.I.F. are broadly sculptured on 16 buttresses. Top figure here is an Army Nurse.



LAKE OF REFLECTION is on northern approach. Figures on facade represent an Ammunition Carrier, a Bomber, a Pioneer, and a Lewis Gunner. Sculpture in the Memorial is by the late Rayner Hoff.

★ Controversy over the recent uprooting of the North Coast fig tree in Hyde Park, which obscured the northern view of the Anzac Memorial, has created a new wave of interest in the Memorial. These splendid pictures were taken specially by staff photographers of *The Australian Women's Weekly* to commemorate Anzac Day.

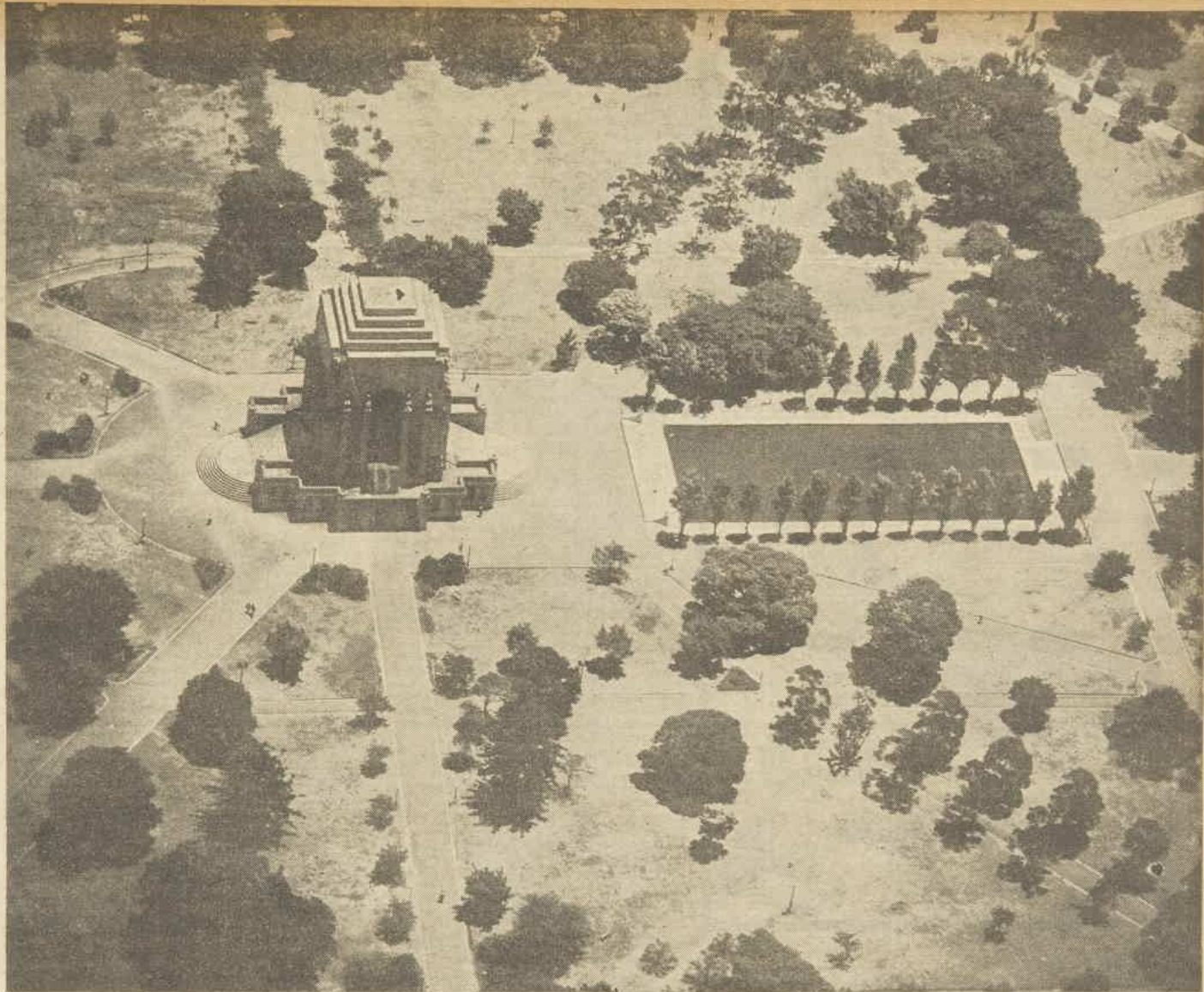


HEART OF MEMORIAL is group, known as the Sacrifice. Recumbent form of an Anzac soldier, wife, and child. Bronze paving symbol.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 23, 1948

and men of
on Memorial's
Army Nurse.

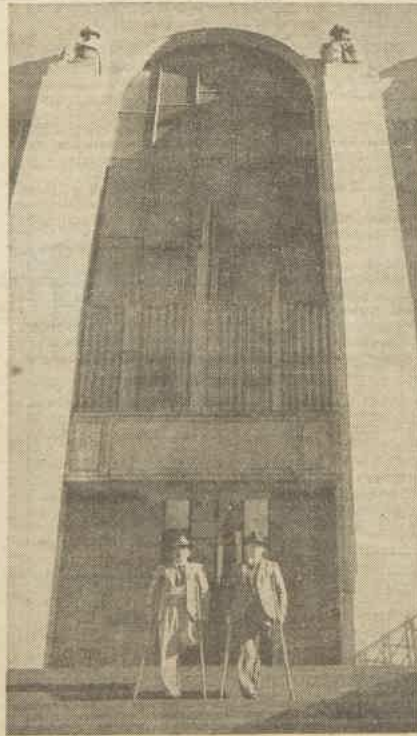
brood of a
case it
each memorial
rest in the
was taken
the Italian
Army Day.



AERIAL VIEW of Memorial and Lake of Reflection, with its border of English poplars. Memorial is 100 feet high and exterior is built of red granite from quarries at Bathurst, N.S.W. Simplicity is keynote of design by the late C. Bruce Dellit.



the Hall of Silence, representing
aborn aloft by his mother, sister,
eternal flame of Sacrifice.



FIRST WORLD WAR veterans, Albert Stark, of Clovelly, and Clement Clarke, of Matraville, both of whom lost a leg in France in 1918.



RETURNED SERVICEMEN'S LEAGUE has offices inside Memorial. Here Frank Hillier attends to queries from Bill Moss, of Paddington, George Wright, now a ship's fireman, and Jim McGlinchey, Tom Rankin, and Harry Wells, all of Sydney.

Advice to Lovelorn

BY DAD



IF HE-MAN TACTICS...

OR MEEK APPROACH...



MEET STERN REBUFS.



TRY LIFEBOUY, MISTER.



AND WATCH FORTUNES CHANGE!

Don't let B.O. spoil your fun! Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient, gives lasting all-over protection from "B.O."



#250 W.V.

COLD WEATHER ON THE 'WAY!



Bob Harrison is a Permanent Way Ganger with the Railways. It takes energy to man those trolleys and, when the cold, wet weather sets in, a tired man is an easy victim for old man 'flu.

"We watch out for 'flu', says Bob. "We don't even wait for the first signs. Every time we get a chance it's Bonox for us—a big, steaming hot cup of it—to put us back on our feet, keep 'flu' at bay and keep us on the job."

Bonox is the most delicious way there is of maintaining resistance and keeping your head above the 'flu line. Keep Bonox handy always and enjoy it whenever you're feeling low.

KB92

CARTER STONE walked over to Camilla and took her hand gently. "Leave it to Jane, Camilla," he said. "She always knows what to do. It doesn't seem possible Bert is dead. I'm stunned by it."

"There are several commissions Mr. Shepley was interested in just now," Jane said. "He's been searching the markets for a special kind of cat's eye. He was getting together a necklace of moonstones for a woman in Florida. You can see all the correspondence about these if you want to. He's always on the lookout for more star sapphires for a well-known film actress."

"Necklace of moonstones, huh?" Lieutenant Murphy said. "Are they valuable?"

"Fairly valuable," Jane said. "Want to see it?"

"Jane?" Camilla cried, and stiffened in protest.

Carter Stone patted Camilla's soft, white hand. Jane's big spectacles turned coolly towards Camilla.

"I'll open the safe for them if they want to see everything on hand."

"But you shouldn't," Camilla protested.

Jane went on without pausing. "The safe is in the library. Mr. Shepley removed it from the store and he used it for any jewels he had on hand. If you want to look at them, I'll show you."

"Not now," the lieutenant said. "Was he carrying any jewellery on him when he left the house?"

"Certainly not," Camilla said positively. "He was always very careful of his jewels. Whenever there was to be a transfer he had his clients come here to the house."

"Lieutenant, I wonder if you could let Mrs. Shepley rest a little," Carter Stone said. "She received a terrible shock and she must have a doctor and a sedative."

Camilla sobbed then, as if reminded what to do, and said, "Oh, please let me go. It's all so horrible. Why should he kill himself?"

"You don't believe he was murdered, then?"

"Murdered!" Camilla shuddered. "Oh, no. Not murdered!"

"It's usually one or the other, you know, when it's poison," Lieutenant Murphy said almost kindly. "Certainly you may retire, Mrs. Shepley. Steven, will you help her upstairs? I expect you can call the doctor, Mr. Stone, at the telephone in the hall."

If Carter Stone had wanted to talk privately to Camilla Shepley, Susan thought, then the lieutenant had neatly circumvented it. Steven gave Lieutenant Murphy one level look and offered his arm to Camilla Shepley. Carter Stone looked indecisive.

Jane said rather crisply. "Well, Carter, telephone! It's Dr. Steiger."

"Yes, yes, of course," Carter Stone said and followed Camilla and Steven into the hall.

Susan saw that a policeman followed Camilla and Steven as if under orders from the lieutenant.

"Thank you, Mr. Stone," Lieutenant Murphy said. "Now if you and Mrs. Michells will stay here for a little, I'll want some more information later. This way, please, Miss Dare."

The request was made so unexpectedly, with so little change in his voice, that it startled Susan. She looked up quickly, and met eyes that were anything but bland and good-natured. She got quickly to her feet.

She was aware again of Jane's and of Carter Stone's fixed and speculative scrutiny before she followed Lieutenant Murphy into the hall.

He nodded at the three policemen who stood there. She felt sure that the two secretaries would have little opportunity for private speech.

Lieutenant Murphy glanced down the long hall, which ran the length of the house.

"We ought to find some room where we can talk, down this way," he said. "Follow me, please, Miss Dare."

Together they went along the hall, opening doors and glancing in. After passing a second drawing-room, a dining-room, and, at the end of the house, the library the girl had spoken of, they came to a large room with a big desk in the middle.

There was a light burning on the desk. Susan had a glimpse of a safe and a rank of steel filing cabinets.

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 22

Then Lieutenant Murphy closed the door, opened another door on the opposite side of the hall and turned on lights.

"Ah, here we are," he said.

It was a small room, with chairs and a small table. Susan wondered if perhaps Shepley saw his clients in that room, for, as the library had suggested an office, so this room suggested a waiting-room.

The lieutenant said, "Sit down, Miss Dare," and subsided into one of the chairs himself. Then he leaned forward and, putting a slip of paper into her hand, asked briskly: "What about this note, Miss Dare?"

Susan stared at the paper. A line of disconcerting words stared back at her:

Miss Dare in danger if she tells her story publicly.

It was in Steven's writing.

Miss Dare in danger!

"But—" Susan said rather numbly. "But—why am I in danger?"

"I don't know," the lieutenant admitted. "That's what I want to know. You tell me. The whole story, if you please."

For the second time that night Susan recounted her story. Then she showed Lieutenant Murphy her published story in the magazine, pointing out the bits of the telegram she had used: "Buyer and Bert arrive air Tuesday. Remove green. Look out."

Lieutenant Murphy read the words slowly, pursed his lips.

"Go on," he said, his face still bland. "Why do you think he was murdered?"

"Because he took the pill from the box and swallowed it quickly as if from habit, and then stopped and examined the remaining pills with a kind of surprise, as if the pill he had taken had been somehow unusual. Because I don't think he would have committed suicide when someone was with him, someone who would be involved in the inquiry of his death."

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used the part of it that happened to be the start of a story."

"What you used must have hit pretty close to the truth, or Shepley wouldn't have inquired about it. It may or may not have had something to do with him. Well, we can't get a duplicate from the telegraph office now. They only keep copies for one year. Shepley was just interested in the message, not in the story you wrote?"

"Only the message. And the fog?"

"All right. Thank you, Miss Dare," Lieutenant Murphy said. He rose and walked to the door.

With one large red hand on the door-knob he said, too casually, "Afraid I'll have to ask you to wait a while. As a witness, I must say that what you've told me points to murder. But, in any case, I'll have to ask you to stay for a while. But go anywhere in the house you please."

He went out, closing the door behind him.

Susan would have felt happier if, when he said witness, it had sounded more as if he meant it. As she wondered where Steven was and what he was doing, the door opened suddenly and he entered, closing the door quickly behind him.

"Well, how did you come out?" he asked. "Did Murphy believe you?"

"I don't know. He questioned me. I showed him the magazine. He said I would have to stay here a while as a witness. Steven, why did you say I was in danger?"

Steven looked at her for a moment, then took out a crumpled package of cigarettes, offered her one, and, as she refused, sat down on the arm of her chair.

"Because you are in danger," he said with a curious tone of solemnity below a purposely light manner. "Surely it has occurred to you that if Albert Shepley thought you knew something of his affairs, then someone else may think so, too?"

"But I didn't know—"

He interrupted her coolly.

"Someone had to send that telegram. Someone was supposed to receive it. Shepley read your story and recognised the bearing the telegram had upon his affairs. Well, then, what's to keep one of these two other people from having read your story, too? And thinking that you know more than you really do?"

"More of what, Steven?"

"More of whatever it is that's going on in this house which demands murder. You knew about the telegram which somebody sent and which failed to reach the person to whom it was sent. You dined with Shepley at his request. So whoever murdered him is almost certainly afraid of what you might have learned or what Shepley might have told you."

Susan thought that over soberly while he smoked for a moment.

"What about Camilla?" she said.

"What did she have to say?"

"Not a word," Steven replied. He sighed and got up.

"Now mind what I said, Susan," he warned her. "Don't go getting yourself into trouble. He went to the door. Although as to that, there's absolutely nothing you can do."

He grinned a little, although rather absently, and went out.

Well, he was right. There really wasn't anything she could do. The police had the matter in hand and she was only a witness to the last moments of Albert Shepley's earthly life.

After a while she got up, feeling as if the green wool upholstery of the chair was suffocating her, and walked to the back window. It was in reality three windows flung together in a deep oval bay, set off from the rest of the room by long, dark red draperies. There was a kind of window seat, with bookshelves below.

She leaned against the wall, in the shadow of the curtains, telling herself that a faint stirring of air from the open windows touched her face and throat. The night beyond the screens was opaque and black and hot.

Deep in thought, she was trying and failing to remember more of the telegram, when the door opened again and two people came quickly into the room. The door closed. And before Susan could move or speak a man spoke in low, throbbing accents.

"My darling!" he cried. "Free at last."

To be continued



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Kande
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WAWN'S WONDER WOOL



Now You Can Marry Me

Continued from page 7

girls, Alice and Caroline, were grown-up now. Alice Ransome had become engaged to an American boy; as soon as the war was over, she departed, weeping but radiant, to a new home in South Carolina.

The six years had been one long, tedious nightmare to Bernard Douglas; the bombing of his beloved Italian towns had almost killed him.

In the air attacks on London, he had suffered at the thought of the danger to Cornelia and to his precious collection, but she would not go away, and he had felt that he could not bear to strip the flat of its lovely things, which might, after all, be bombed wherever he sent them. If they perished in the general horror, he would perish with them, and in that thought he had found a grim consolation.

After Harry's death, business took Bernard abroad for some months. When he got back, he went immediately to see Cornelia.

She and Caroline had taken part of a friend's flat, and in these somewhat cramped quarters Bernard found himself recognising, as one

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recognises the faces of battered but still gentle friends, all the pretty pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac which had accompanied the Ransomes on their many moves. They were rather too big, some of them for these small rooms.

Bernard sat in the low armchair in which Cornelia had sat on that far-off May afternoon, and stared at the worthless but charming things which she had arranged so artfully. He was extremely nervous. Cornelia stood watching him with a smile. Caroline had gone with a young man to the ballet, and they were alone.

"Come and have dinner with me," he said. "We can't go to the flat. I'm back a day earlier than I expected, and I don't think there's much food."

"It's so wonderful to see you, Bernard," Cornelia said fondly, smiling down at him.

She was exactly as she always was, beautiful and calm, and her familiar company slightly lulled Bernard's jumpiness. They dined at a restaurant for the first time, he suddenly realised, in years.

Perhaps it was the unusual setting which threw the evening out of gear, for there were some noticeable pauses, moments when they sat there only too clearly racking their heads for something to say.

They were neither of them talkative people, and there had often been comfortable silences between them in the old days before Bernard's fire, but this feeling of flatness, of deadness almost, was new and disconcerting.

All at once he thought that he had hit on the reason. Such a large portion of their conversation had been devoted to Harry that his departure left a yawning gap. The dead man, his brilliance and his weakness, had been at once the obstacle between them and the bond which drew them tighter together.

They strolled back through the shabby squares, mournful with their ruined ghosts of Victorian mansions and their prowling cats in the untidy gardens, to Cornelia's flat. He would not come up, Bernard said.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked. "Shall we have dinner on Wednesday as usual?"

This was ridiculous, a mere mechanical slip of the tongue, for there was no longer any reason why they should not be together on Thursday, Friday, and every day of the week, if it pleased them.

The idea had, of course, been constantly with him ever since Harry died, but now he could not avoid it—it was close to him—and as he drew a deep breath and prepared to stammer out the inescapable words, the horror of it nearly overcame him.

He saw his comfortable, his really perfectly happy life, dissolved. Where in crowded London could he find, ran his more mundane thoughts, a new flat large enough to take himself and Cornelia, Caroline, his precious belongings, and Angelo, who had returned after the war and would now be certain to give notice?

BUT such mingled reflections were nothing to the bitterness of his final terrible discovery, which he had known in his heart, for weeks, but had refused to face squarely—the fact that he no longer wanted to marry Cornelia Ransome.

He had loved her devotedly for years; she was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen or would hope to see. Yet the prospect of owning her for the rest of his life was as unthinkable as if his exquisite Madonna, for whose sake he had visited the gallery and sat worshipping, week after week, for twenty-five years, had suddenly been offered to him to take home in a brown paper parcel and hang on his bedroom wall.

He knew, however, what the Swithins and the rest of their friends expected. He opened his mouth. By interrupting him with such swift and smoothness, Cornelia proved herself to be as John Swithin had said, an extraordinary woman. He knew it then, he had always known it, but it made no difference to his miserable feelings.

"I haven't told you my best, my nicest piece of news," she said. "Alice is having a baby, and I'm going out to be with her as soon as I can manage a passage. Someone's pulling strings for me, and I may get on a boat quite soon. I shall probably stay over there for quite a time. But of course we must meet before I go, dear Bernard."

She kissed his cheek. "Good-bye," she said, and turned up the steps, feeling in her purse for her latch-key.

When Bernard got home half an hour later, he stood for a few moments in the middle of his room, looking round quite vacantly at all the richly gilded, carved or sombrely glowing objects it contained.

With an abrupt movement he crossed to a table, picked up a beautiful little bronze of which he was particularly fond, and stood looking at it with an extraordinary, hungry intensity.

His speed and his action had a curious guilty stealth, not unlike the oddly propelled motion with which Harry Ransome used to make (for his friends' whisky decanter, pour himself a big drink, and sit down with the air of a man who had, in a harsh world, something to fall back on.

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The Lady and the Lion

Continued from page 5

KNOCKO kicked a stone. "I got no manners. I'm a mug."

"You're a very nice guy, and I thank you for taking me out in the country."

"All that stuff you said was very interesting," said Knocko gallantly. "Take that character who went out and lived by himself in the woods."

"Thoreau."

"Yeah, him. Me, I'd want a dame along."

"You're quite right," said Hannah, and laughed.

Knocko took her arm and they swaggered back to the cab.

"Don't tell me about it," Al said as they got in. "I got eyes."

They sat close together, their arms still linked.

"I'm glad we seen the bridge," said Knocko.

"Me, too," said Hannah.

That afternoon Gordon Hollis took his first gamble. It wasn't a particularly dangerous gamble, merely entailing the purchase of two ring-side seats for the Markey-Roth fight at the Garden that night, but certainly chance entered into it.

He wished to be prepared for any possible reaction on Hannah's part to her journey with Knocko.

She had departed, Gordon knew, with the idea that life was a series of gay adventures, and if she should return with the same illusion, a ring-side seat at a prizefight would teach her a hard lesson in reality.

Smiling and calm as he called for her that evening, Gordon asked, "Have fun this afternoon?"

Hannah had hoped he would be upset, and his quiet acceptance of her behaviour infuriated her.

"I had a wonderful time, and, furthermore, I'd like to see Knocko box to-night," she said crisply.

"H'm," Gordon mused, "Markey's from South Boston. Tickets would be hard to get."

"Couldn't you try?"

"If you really want to, Hannah, of course. But I don't think you'd enjoy it."

"Oh, I'd love it!" she cried. "He told me all about his career. It's simply fascinating."

Highly pleased with his powers of rationalization, Gordon looked down his nose at her. "A prize fight is no place for a lady, Hannah."

"Pooh!" said Hannah.

When they reached their seats shortly before ten, the lights were up and Hannah looked at the ring with shining eyes.

"I've seen boxing in the movies, but this will be much better," she said.

"Yes," said Gordon. "This will be a real experience for you. Here comes your friend."

Knocko rolled down the aisle, stopped for a moment to chat with a showy female, then swung up through the ropes to a smattering of applause and boos. A roar went up when Markey appeared.

"I don't think that's quite fair," Hannah shouted in Gordon's ear.

"Local pride," he explained, pleased by her reaction.

The lights went down, and the boys were introduced, and they slipped off their gowns.

"Goodness," said Hannah, shivering a bit. "I'm glad they're only middleweights."

There was a hush at the bell that lasted as long as it took Knocko and Markey to touch gloves.

Both were contenders for the crown, both were sluggers, and both were obviously eager to have it over.

They bore in with skill, effect, and malice, and the house went wild. But at ringside, even above the roar of the crowd, it was possible to hear the punches thud home and the sharp hiss that came through the fighter's teeth when he was hit.

Taking his eye from the carnage, Gordon noted that Hannah had gone ash-white. With a trace of regret, he decided that one round would be sufficient.

"It's barbaric, vicious, and loathsome," she whispered, when the contestants had returned to their corners. "How can civilised people let it go on?"

"We'll leave, dear," Gordon said, getting up.

"No," she said firmly. "I can

stand it. It interests me as a social phenomenon."

"There's no sense in punishing yourself," he protested.

"I said I could stand it," she said.

They were near Knocko's corner, and she was watching his seconds repairing the damage.

"That must be Slouch, that one with the sponge," she said. "Knocko told me about him. He's known him for five years but doesn't know his real name. Just Slouch. Imagine that."

"Fantastic," said Gordon. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Oh, Gordon, sit down!"

Thoughtfully, Gordon sat down. "Well," he consoled himself, "wait until they start hurting each other."

They began that in the next round. Markey staggered Knocko with a left to the face, crossed a terrific right to the body, and with a series of short, punishing blows sent him into the ropes, where he really went to work on him.

Knocko at last went down for five, while the loyal Markey rooters screamed, stamped, and whistled. Not one to cover up when he was hurt, Knocko waded in swinging, and ten seconds later was down again, sitting up on the canvas with the wise intention of taking nine.

His face was in very poor shape, indeed, and the Boston customers, fearing that this was the end, encouraged him with cries of "Get up, you loafer," and similar but far less restrained imprecations.

Gordon glanced at Hannah and saw that her cheeks were wet.

"How can they do that when the man is hurt?" she moaned.

"It's the custom. Come on, Hannah; let's get out of here!"

"Oh!" she said. "He's getting up!"



"There's quite a party going on in that box over there."

Using more caution, Knocko gave his interpretation of covering up. Enraged, the gallery increased its exhortations to Markey to finish him off. Markey was doing this expertly and on his own; he caught Knocko in a corner and with three terrific punches sent him down again. This time Knocko was not sitting up, but he was moving, and by seven he'd got his knees under him.

There was a solid wall of noise in the hall, and only Gordon heard Hannah about, "Come on, Knocko; get up!" She was on her feet, her face contorted.

Knocko beat the count, and the bell saved him as Markey moved in on top of him.

Hannah rushed past a clutching Gordon to Knocko's corner and blindly attempted to climb into the ring.

"Get back to your seat, lady!" Slouch growled. "We got work to do in here."

"Keep going, Knocko!" she yelled. "Keep going and you'll win!"

"Thanks, lady," said Slouch. "We appreciate your support. Now you better sit down."

There had been a moment of startled, semi-silence as Hannah was noticed in Knocko's corner. During it he had heard her and recognised her voice. Turning on his stool, he reached out and lightly tapped her shoulder with his glove. Then a policeman and Gordon pulled her away.

The fans, delighted by this added attraction, hooted to the rafters.

"I had to do it, Gordon!" she said wildly. "They're all against him!"

He tried to start her toward the

exit, but she stood firmly in the aisle by Knocko's corner. "Come on, Knocko!" she called again as the third round got under way.

It could have been her encouraging words, but it is much more likely that Markey, eager, sure, and supported as he was, made a fractional error in judging Knocko's condition at the start of the round. He came in too fast, and Knocko caught him with a fast right to the mouth that straightened him up.

Quickly and savagely Knocko hooked a left to the chin, and Markey's arms dropped to his waist. As Markey slumped forward, Knocko's murderous right went lazily home, and not even his most faithful follower had any hope that the Boston hero would get up from that punch. The end was so sudden and unexpected that the referee's count could be heard sadly in the bleachers.

Hannah stood stunned by the brutality of the knockout. Slowly, as people swarmed toward the ring, the realisation of her action began to penetrate.

"Gracious," she said, and looked timidly up at Gordon.

The lights were up and music was playing, and Knocko was fighting his way out of the ring. Hannah thought it was coming for her, but instead he spread his arms and embraced the girl to whom he had spoken on his way to the ring.

"Honey," he boomed, with a broken smile. "We win!"

Honey disengaged herself and pointed a long thumb at Hannah. "Why that you win them for now, Knocko?"

"Huh? Oh, her. She's m'pal. Honey, baby!"

"Yeah?"

"Sure; we went sightseeing like you wanted me to." He grinned at Hannah, the world at his feet.

"Didn't we, baby?"

"Never in two years do I look at another dame," Honey quoted, her head high.

"Her?" Knocko said, and began to laugh. "Would I look at a skinny dame like her when you was around, Honey?"

People laughed, and Hannah shrank back. Suddenly Gordon stepped forward.

"Apologise to the lady," he demanded, grasping the middleweight's arm.

"For what?" Knocko asked, still smiling.

"For what you just said."

"Nuts to that," Knocko said, and started away, beaming at Honey.

Gordon spun him round with the left hand and swung his right in a wide arc. Knocko simply waited for the punch to get in close and then moved his head sharply out of the way. Gordon's arm went over Knocko's shoulder and he fell in heavily against the fighter. A policeman was quickly on top of them.

"Take it easy, pal," Knocko said kindly. "You could get hurt."

A flash bulb flaring as the policeman pulled them apart brought Gordon to his senses.

"Let's get out of here," he said hoarsely to Hannah, and they raced through the crowd.

"Gordon, darling," Hannah panted. "You hit a middleweight!"

Confused, Gordon misunderstood her. "I'm barely a light heavy, myself."

"Oh, Gordon! You did it for me!"

They didn't speak again until they reached the privacy of a taxi.

"Where to, Mac?" asked the driver, and Hannah saw that it was, by a mad coincidence, Al Pigoletti himself.

"Just drive around," said Gordon. "Okay, Mac," said Al, "but it ain't spring any more. It's snowing."

Hannah, before she buried her head against Gordon's shoulder, saw that this was indeed so.

"Who cares?" demanded Gordon. "Drive on!"

And he clasped her to him in a riot of unbridled ecstasy.

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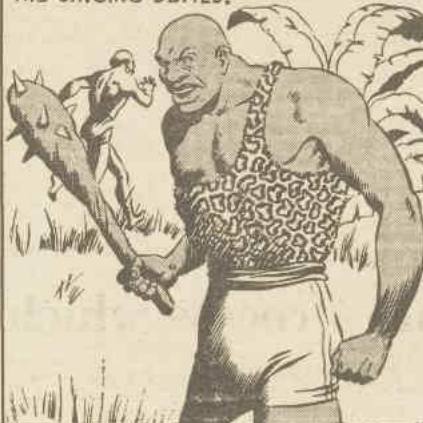
MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who is excited when the ship reaches Sandan, capital of the kingdom. **CROWN PRINCE ADEM:** An unpleasant young man, is a contrast to his father, the kindly

SHEIKH OF SANDAN: When Mandrake chases the Prince for annoying Narda, the Prince plans revenge, and sends spies after the Jason, which has reached the village of the Riombi, which Lothar's father ruled. While the Jason is there, weird Singing Devils swoop down in a surprise raid to capture young villagers for slaves. **NOW READ ON:**

"THE SINGING DEVILS" ATTACK THE VILLAGE OF THE RIOMBI, WITH FIRE AND BULLETS. THE NATIVES FLEE INTO THE WOODS, FRIGHTENED BY THE FURIOUS CHARGE...



"WAIT!" CRIES LOTHAR. "WE'LL FIGHT THEM OFF!" BUT THE RIOMBI, FROM SAD EXPERIENCE, WANT NO PART OF THE SINGING DEVILS!



UNDAUNTED, LOTHAR RUSHES OUT TO FACE THE SINGING DEVILS ALONE! A BULLET DROPS HIM---



NARDA AND MANDRAKE RUSH ALONG THE BANK FROM THEIR MOONLIGHT SWIM. "IF WE CAN ONLY REACH THE YACHT AND GET RIFLES," CRIES MANDRAKE.



THE MAGICIAN FALLS AS A BULLET HITS HIM. "MANDRAKE!" CRIES NARDA, STARING IN FEAR AS THE SINGING DEVILS APPROACH---



NARDA IS GRABBED UP FROM THE GROUND, AND THE SINGING DEVILS SWEEP OUT OF THE BURNING VILLAGE WITH THEIR PRIZE, ROARING THEIR HIDEOUS CHANT AS THE JUNGLE TREMBLES!



TO BE CONTINUED

*As I Read
the
STARS*

by **WYNNE TURNER.**

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Use April 20 for laying foundations or consolidating past gains. The rest of the week is rather doubtful, particularly on April 21 and 22, when you should be very careful. You should also watch closely the actions of others where they concern you.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): April 20 is very good for finance, investments, and securities or shares. However, you must watch your step on April 21 and 22, when over-generosity or treachery on the part of others could cause losses. Rest of week is neutral.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Friendships promise some gain, especially on April 20, from people older than yourself. Be cautious on April 21 and 22, when you could suffer either financial or emotional loss. April 24 will be a fair day for you.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): April 20 will bring some gain in your career which may be permanent. Be careful on April 21 and 22, however, and avoid venturing too far, for business and financial loss could follow. April 24 is good, but April 25 will not be your best day.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Some success and recognition will come to you on April 20, but April 21 and 22 are adverse for Government or legal matters. Be careful about partnerships or money matters. Rest of the week is unimportant.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): April 23 will be your most active day. Choose April 20 for important financial agreements, but watch April 21 and 22 closely, for these two days are not good for business and finance. April 24 is fair.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Try to make satisfactory arrangements for business or emotional matters on April 20, because the next two days, April 21 and 22, are difficult ones, when differences of opinion could cause sorrow, disappointment, or loss.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): April 20 is excellent for new positions, recognition, and advancement. Watch April 21 and 22 for upsets in health, work, and finance. Avoid waste and extravagance. Rest of week is fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): A rather conflicting week. The early part is good, but the latter is adverse. Past gains can be consolidated on April 20. Avoid all new interests on April 21 and 22, and don't offend relatives or loved ones. Curb any tendency to gamble or take risks.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Push matters relating to home and domestic affairs on April 20. Be careful on April 21 and 22, for these are not good days for you. Watch expenditure and try not to offend others. Rest of week is safer, and your best date is April 24.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A closer tie could develop out of an old friendship, especially nearing April 20. Other ties, however, may be broken on April 21 and 22. On these dates, domestic and social affairs will also be a little disorganised. Push things on April 24, but leave April 23 alone, for it is a day on which you should be careful.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): April 20 should bring you financial and business opportunities, but April 21 and 22 are bad days, so don't sign papers or trust others too much on those dates. Rest of the week is mild but tricky.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.)

Sally Ann Howes has to budget despite big salary

Teen-age star possesses few glamor frocks

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Teen-age screen star Sally Ann Howes, who has just signed her name to a big new contract, will nevertheless have to keep up appearances on £15 a week.

That's all her mother allows her. The fact that her daughter's contract is worth a round £50,000 has not shaken mother at all.

EVEN if £15 a week seems a pretty generous allowance, most of it goes in hiring cars to take her 20 miles a day to the studios in the grey dawn when the rest of the world dreams about a star's lovely, lazy life, and the buses and tubes haven't yet started the day's running.

Sally said: "That is my biggest expense, and it takes most of the money. Then come shoes, and I buy my dresses, too."

"You probably won't believe me, but I have only three dresses fit to wear on social occasions."

"Not that the question of clothes has mattered much so far. I have been kept so busy filming, that I hardly go out. When the film is on the floor at the studios, I go to bed every night at nine, and in between actual shooting days there are always masses of fashion and publicity photographs to pose for."

Sally had come into the Albany Club to meet me, fresh from a session with the stills cameraman, who posed her in a series of diaphanous summer frocks—one of the coldest days of winter.

Over lunch, round-eyed, she asked about the sharks that swim near Australia's beaches, breaking into peals of laughter every time she suspected me of telling something a little too tall to swallow.

Tall stories

"GORDON JACKSON had some terrible tales about sharks when he came back from making 'Eureka Stockade,'" Sally said. "He gave me goose pimples, but I was fascinated."

She and Gordon are teamed together with young Nigel Buchanan in Sally's latest vehicle—a newspaper comedy called "Stop Press Girl." In it she plays a young village girl who possesses the curious power of stopping all forms of machinery. She loses this power when she falls in love with young newsbourn Gordon Jackson.

This is another film to be made by the highly secret "Independent

Frame" technique, which claims to cut costs of film-making in half by eliminating elaborate sets and filming the actors against photographed backgrounds.

The film which marked the real turning point around the corner to fame for Sally was "The History of Mr. Pally," John Mills' first essay in the realm of production. He saw her in "My Sister and I" and decided she was the girl to play Christabel.

"I think it was Joan, as much as anybody, who was instrumental in getting me this nice big contract," Sally said. "And oh—he's simply wonderful to work with. He was sweet to me."

Famous parents

SALLY ANN HOWES is one of the children of famous parents in show business whose own talent promises a career which may eclipse theirs.

Her father is Bobby Howes, the famous British comedian, an idol still firmly entrenched in the affections of West End theatregoers. Her mother was Patricia Malbone, a leading West End actress.

Far from finding her parents' celebrity a handicap, Sally found it a great help.

"They started me off with a good sense of values. If it had not been for them I should not have been able to distinguish so easily between the insincere people who sometimes meet when you are well known and the real people. If I had been the daughter of other parents, some of the flattery that comes with success might have turned my head for a little while."

She started her screen career at the age of twelve, and, despite the family theatrical tradition, had never had any kind of acting experience.

"I intended to be a veterinary surgeon," she laughed. "But mother took me along to be tested for a child part in 'Thursday's Child.' When I got the leading part I forgot all about my veterinary ambitions."

"Ealing Studios did great things for me. I got a succession of good

English cartoon features platypus

THE latest creation of Britain's growing cartoon industry is the platypus. A platypus features in the David Hand "Animaland" series and is becoming a great favorite with British audiences.

Encouraged by the success of his characterisation cartoons, Hand has put two platypuses called Dinkum and Digger in his latest short. It must be admitted that any resemblance between Dinkum and Digger and a real platypus is purely coincidental, but they are an amusing novelty. Hands also has added a couple of kookaburras called Cobber and Kate for good measure.

child parts after that, and through them a thorough grounding in screen technique."

Since then Sally has gradually emerged as a cool, lovely young girl with a pretty snub nose, almond-shaped blue eyes, soft-falling fair hair, and something which gives new meaning to that old cliché—a dazzling smile.

It seems impossible that all this could have happened in the short space of a year or so. Only the other day, it seems, she was skipping off the set to take lessons from her governess in a dressing-room on the lot.



SALLY ANN HOWES, star of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, likes nothing better than to spend a day off from her film work by riding her favorite horse in the country near her parents' home at Hadley Woods.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★★ The Red Shoes

EASILY the most exciting and beautifully performed ballet sequence ever filmed occurs during the screening of the English technical drama, "The Red Shoes."

For fifteen minutes we see lovely, red-haired Moira Shearer with Leonide Massine and Robert Helpmann dance the tragic little story inspired by Hans Andersen of the girl who is bewitched by a pair of red shoes.

With good reason we have come to expect originality and fine production from the team of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, and this film has both.

It impressed me as being the first screen production to combine a backstage story with a completely new and satisfying ballet.

A clever bit of casting gives the leading role to dancer Moira Shearer, a fragile-looking girl who acts with almost as little effort as she dances. She is the epitome of the spirit of ballet.

Anton Walbrook and Marius Goring are co-starred with Miss Shearer.

Walbrook photographs as impresario Lermontov better in technicolor, and his acting as the producer of a ballet company is impressive.

Almost fanatical in his adherence to the belief that dancers should have no life outside their work, Lermontov is ruthless to the point where he drives his protegee, Vicky Page, to suicide.

Marius Goring, as the composer-conductor Julian Craster, who marries Vicky and loses her first by her return to ballet and then by her death, looks too old for the part, and suffers from the color photography and dyed hair.

As the plot moves through its back-stage and ballet theme, it is inclined to be jerky, but there is sufficient atmosphere to hold it together, and enough sincerity to make it believable.

For ballet fans, the dancing sequences, which include scenes from well-known ballets as well as "The Red Shoes," are a delight.

Jack Cardiff, the cameraman, has no equal in any country, and this is another superb display of his craftsmanship.

The richness of the original

musical score by Brian Easdale well deserves the Academy Award it received lately.

British films should get a tremendous lift in prestige from the production.

The J. Arthur Rank release is at the Embassy.

★★★ Easter Parade

FORTUNATELY for film-goers, dancer Fred Astaire's threat to retire was abandoned, and he returns to the screen better than ever in M.G.M.'s top-notch musical, "Easter Parade."

Easily the best technical film of its type which we have seen for a long time, "Easter Parade" is a gay feast of color, superb dancing by Astaire, Judy Garland, and Ann Miller, and a mixture of 17 new and old songs by Irving Berlin.

The plot is unimportant, but the perfection of production makes the film a grand spectacle, which will be thoroughly enjoyed from start to finish.

It is hard to define the charm of Fred Astaire. He is not young, not good-looking, and not an especially good actor, but he still reigns supreme as a dancer, and his whimsical good-humor is charming.

He also has the faculty of bringing out the best talent in his leading ladies.

Judy Garland comes out of the tense mood of her recent films, and makes a wonderful partner for Astaire.

She acts with humor and sincerity, looks lovely, does some dance sequences deftly, and joins with Astaire in one remarkable effort of complete clowning.

In addition, there is brunette Ann Miller, who has not previously reached anything like the heights she does in this film.

Her dancing is beautiful, and she looks like a photographer's dream. So many of the Berlin songs are included that they follow one after the other in dazzling sequences.

I liked best Astaire's opening scene, "Drum Crazy," Judy Garland and Peter Lawford's delightful "A Feller With An Umbrella," Astaire and Judy in "A Couple of Swells," and Ann Miller's tap-dance sequence, "Shaking the Blues Away."

Astaire's most spectacular number is a solo, "Stepping Out With My Baby," in which slow-motion

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

is cleverly combined with regular timing.

A new comedian, Jules Munshin, provides a few minutes of riotous amusement with a pantomime performance of a waiter preparing a salad.

The fashion-settings of the 1932 era are gorgeous, and the film has been finely directed by Charles Walters. It is showing at the St. James.

★★★ The Snake Pit

THE subject of insanity may seem a risky one to bring to the screen. But treated with the unerring good taste and distinction given the film version of Mary Jane Ward's best-selling novel, "The Snake Pit," by director Anatole Litvak, it makes a compelling, courageous theme.

Though realistic and clinical in treatment, the film never offends or descends to the maudlin, even when the mental institution's worst wards are shown.

Olivia de Havilland, as the young wife who loses her reason and is committed to a mental hospital, gives a beautiful, heart-wrenching performance.

As the doctor whose understanding and knowledge help her again face life, Leo Genn acts with memorable discipline and authority. Mark Stevens, as the loyal young husband, is sincere and likable. But de Havilland and Genn are the two who by the force of their portrayals will make themselves longest remembered.

The production has been tellingly and faithfully cast throughout. Among the many outstanding small parts are those played by old-line Minna Gombell as the tough, winking harridan, Betsy Blair as the girl who's lost the power of speech, and Jacqueline de Wit as the former hospital nurse.

Leo Tover's camera shows the bare ugliness of the institution with uncompromising fidelity. The increase of sound in the film's tender moments is a detail of "The Snake Pit's" general excellence.

This Fox film is at the Mayfair. —A.B.

They Both Contain OLIVE OIL

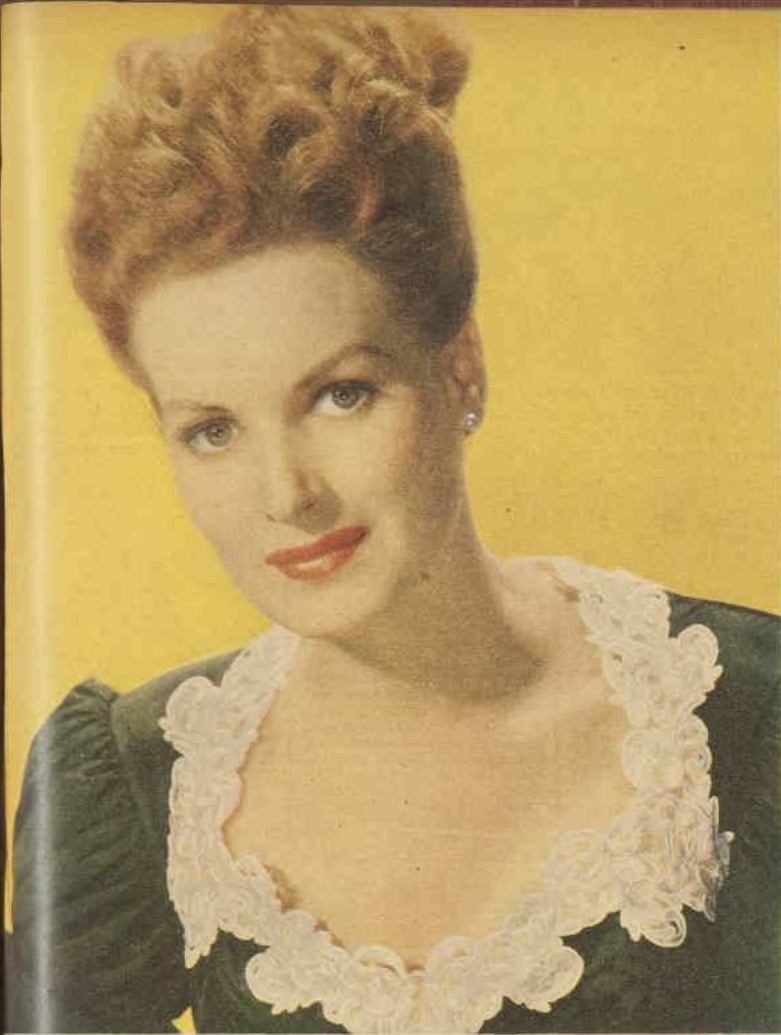


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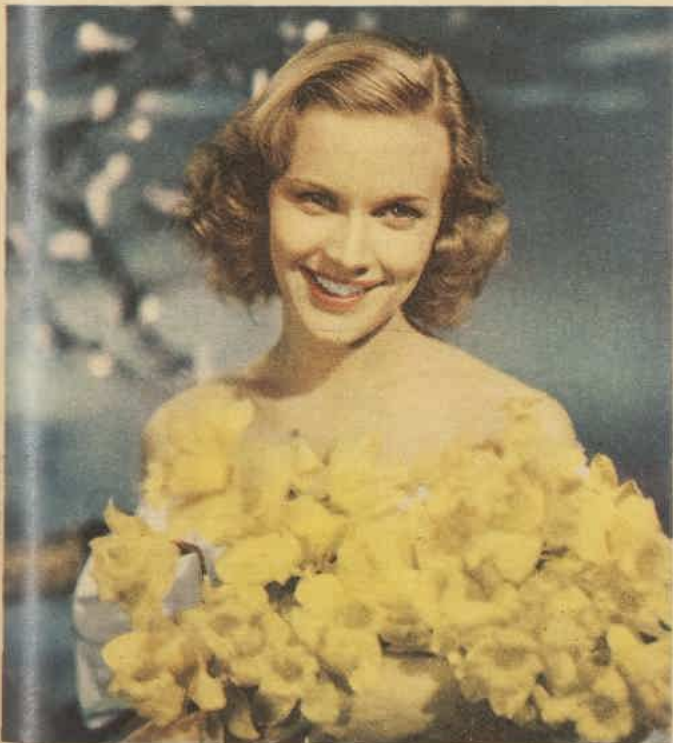
SCREEN BEAUTIES . . .



MAUREEN O'HARA (Fox), acknowledged one of screen's most perfect beauties. Born in Ireland, she made her first film in England, then went to Hollywood. Maureen will be seen next co-starring with Dana Andrews in "Britannia Mews."



SUSAN SHAW (J. Arthur Rank), featured in the "Huggett Family" series, and now risen to stardom in film version of best-selling novel, "London Belongs to Me." Susan is nineteen, unmarried, and one of the brightest hopes in British films.



HONOR BLACKMAN (J. Arthur Rank), vivacious, blue-eyed, honey-blonde, who will be seen next in "A Boy, a Girl, and a Bike," starring John McCallum. Honor was given a small part in "Fame is the Spur," is being built-up by her studio.



ANGELA LANSBURY (M.G.M.), English-born beauty, who plays the Queen of France in the lavish technicolor cloak and rapier romance, "The Three Musketeers." She is engaged to the handsome young actor, Peter Shaw, and was formerly married to Richard Cromwell.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 23, 1949

Page 33

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

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COUGHS & COLDS



1 APPEAL FOR HELP is made by murderer Bill Saunders (Burt Lancaster) to nurse Jane Wharton (Joan Fontaine) when he enters her home to escape from police. Bill convinces Jane that he is innocent.



2 AFTER ESCAPE, Bill meets Jane again at race meeting and tells her story of his past life including years spent as Nazi prisoner. Jane offers to help him get job.



3 MEETING at saloon between Bill and blackmailer Harry (Robert Newton) reveals that Harry knows of Bill's crimes.

The Unafraid

FILMED originally under the grim title of "Kiss The Blood Off My Hands," this drama from Universal International has a London setting.

It describes the adventures of a Canadian soldier whose war experiences turn him into a social outcast who cannot control his quick temper.

The role of Bill Saunders is typical of the kind which Burt Lancaster has played since he made his film debut in "The Killers."

Joan Fontaine returns to drama after her two recent romantic comedies.



4 TAKING JOB as lorry driver at medical clinic, Bill hides fact that he has served prison term for assault on policeman.



5 ATTACK is made on Jane by Harry after Bill has refused to join Harry in blackmarket deal in drugs. Harry tells Jane he knows Bill committed murder. Terrified by attack, Jane stabs Harry.



6 VAIN ATTEMPT to save Harry's life makes Bill determine to take Jane away, before she is arrested. She discovers truth and insists they surrender.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 38

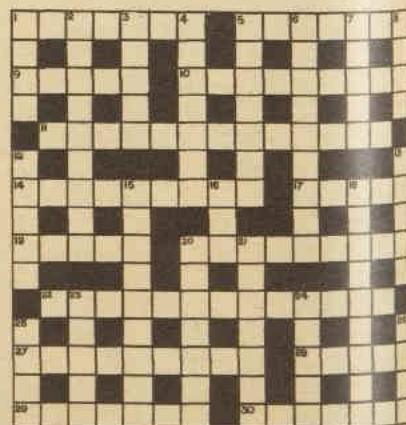
ACROSS

1. It's a mistake not to hit and fondle when backward (7).
2. Tuppens who make chin cloths? (7).
3. Lenin makes a material difference (5).
4. As a parable everything is put to one's self by Richard without coming to a firm conclusion (8).
5. Mr. Chips' painters get aged in them flowers (2, 3, 7).
6. Dug out gun (anag.) (3).
7. Hello, serve the "also-ran." He should be found inside (5).
8. It's fundamental, as I found in British Columbia (8).
9. Swags are-bundle to wallop contents the (8).
10. A fellow who can't see this color is fair game (5, 4, 4).
11. Hit at the repeat, little by little (9).
12. Crudely, it isn't corrupt (5).
13. Sent in the fool, or agree to (7).
14. Gives a leg-up can make an amic? (7).

DOWN

1. Grinder (4).
2. Nude's sash (anag.) (8).
3. Brown, move. The insect has turned up and ought dance (6).
4. Praise if in a hole equals a round of applause (7).
5. Here's a hitching post for you when untangling a bad roll (7).
6. A piece of music that makes the game a mere trifle (8).
7. Erica, terror if you haven't one to cater inside it's a fault (5).
8. Hit that should go over one foot (8).
9. The bath near Shanty and Paddy? (5).
10. The lady one makes Doctor Mill mistake! (5).
11. The unclean if thin dropped at once by the British Navy when no anxiety is displayed (9).
12. The night before (3).
13. Felt the steel striker, the miser! (8).
14. Impedes means of food (the current short measure is bound to be found in here) (7).
15. A place on the cricket field where you have to years before you get support (4, 2).
16. Herbs aleek change (5).
17. Be the first to raise the chewing leaf (5).
18. Chief port of Samoa (4).
19. To knock makes senseless solution test uncle's got in here (4).

210, 25, and 22 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 38 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4018W, G.P.O. Sydney. Entries close April 19, prize and solution in issue of May 21.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 34

ACROSS: 1-Jack-an-ape. 6-Jamb. 9-Conscience. 10-Ages. 11-Moo. 12-Ran-e-our. 16-Lam-o. 17-Enter-tain. 18-Cravatted (anag.). 21-E/it/e. 22-M/ai/eta. 23-lie. 24-Ring. 27-Cock-a-trice. 28-Also. 29-Peer-let-day. DOWN: 1-Jack. 2-Cent. 3-Ac-commo-date. 4-Ac-tend. 5-Exce-1/pt. 7-Anglomani. 8-Bush-ranger. 13-Nerve cent (anag. never). 14-Black ma-ria (air am turned). 15-Aa-lan. 19-T/0-a-ote. 20-Dr-inker. 24-Tips. 25-Deny.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 34: £10 to Mrs. E. Trenetery Brown, Monars, Kilferia Rd., Benalla, Vic. £5 to W. J. Hatherly, 92 Day Terrace, West Croydon, S.A. £2 to Miss M. J. Barrow, c/o Rely Bros. Ltd., 175 Collins St., Hobart.

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 23, 1948



Light up your loveliest dress

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Vivid highlight for the romantically feminine fashions that have rustled and bustled to favour this season! Dream Rose! An exhilarating blue-red in Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick that gives a satiny sheen and really stays where you put it. There is Rouge to match, of course . . . and five other glorious colours that will be certain to match your dress, your mood and the moment!



Dream Rose

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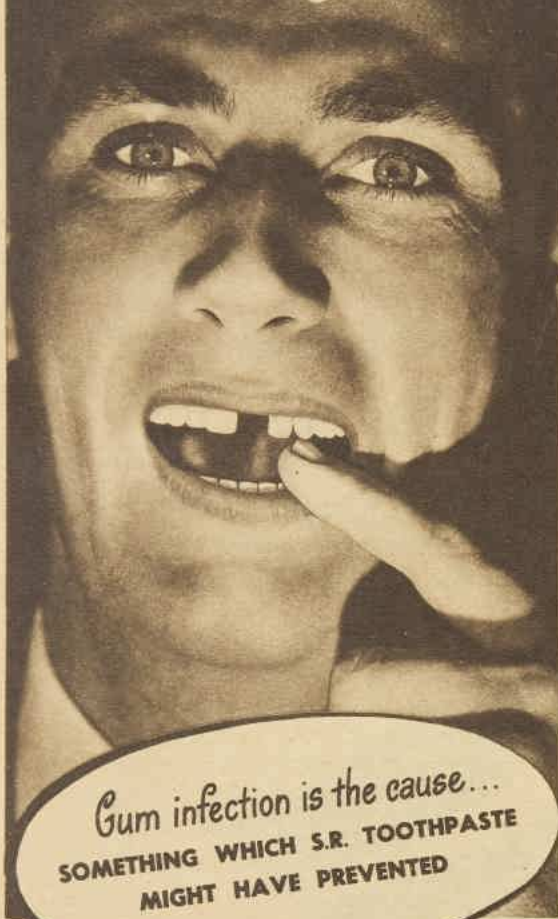
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Man in a Quandary

Continued from page 9

COYLY Moirana bends her head. "Oh," says she, "my heart's gone further than hereabouts, Mr. Mulcahey. Into the distant village has it gone and beyond."

A coldness comes upon me, for 'tis well I know she is hinting at pot-bellied Moriarty.

"You're not thinking of throwing yourself away, Moirana?" I say. "You'll not be suffering a paunch for the sake of a purse?"

She smiles a secret smile, and she says: "A red frock from Dublin has he promised, and two horses to ride behind to the wedding, no less. That has he promised."

"Indeed," say I, hoping she is teasing, but restless with the thought of Moriarty. (Did you ever see such a nose on a human being?) "I well know, Moirana, the man is famous for talking about nothing but his own importance."

"He's the sort of man," she says, "as knows what he wants and can do his wooing without the aid of a pig. Furthermore, he has money in the bank, which is better than dreams in your head, Mr. Mulcahey. Even to-day he'll be about his trading, making a pretty penny while others I could think of are taking wild animals a-wandering."

It's hoping I am that no whisper of her offensive words will reach the ears of the Princess. Wild animal, indeed! And her the gentlest of creatures!

"If he writes in his big book the shillings he has made this day, will he write on 't'other side the sunshine he has missed?" I ask her.

I am wondering whether the red-faced baboon has made a definite proposal. But 'tis hard to believe any girl would pass up a man such as myself for the likes of any pot-bellied grab-all.

"This now, I think, 'twould be wise to make the offer that has just come to my mind."

Deep down I believe she is jealous of the gentle Princess. Women are curious creatures, as I very well know.

It was my own father who told me how my mother cried her eyes out with vexation, because she was delayed at her wedding while he nailed up the palings that had come loose on the pig-pen.

There will be little hope of old Pot Belly, I'm thinking, when I tell her how much consideration I have given to the matter.

"I'll tell Moirana that when we are married I will spend fifty per cent. of my time with her, no less, and fifty per cent. attending to the pig, which will be little enough when 'tis understood how dependent we will be on the Princess and the litter she'll bring to bless our future and found our fortune."

To make a beginning, I clear my throat and I am about to tell her that Mrs. Mulcahey she'll be as soon as I have completed negotiations for the mating of the Princess with a gentleman friend owned by O'Shea on the side of the hill, when I feel a shove in the lower leg, and 'tis the pig herself nudging me.

Moirana gets up with a little flutter.

"I really can't be lingering," she says. "There is so much to do. You and your pig 'll pardon me, I'm sure."

Before I can say a word she has gone, and there I am with all I had to say bottled within me.

But I'm left feeling not so sorry as I would have expected, for, from the kitchen, comes Honoria with a pot of tea and a plateful of cookies and a fresh-cut cabbage stalk for the Princess.

"Why, where's Moirana?" she asks, as we sit down together on a bench outside the kitchen.

"She has a great deal to do," I tell her. "And she's gone to be doing it."

"Tis puzzled she looks, but for the moment only, then says she, "You must forgive her, Danny, for she's very young."

Which she is, bless her, a full two years younger than Honoria, who is twenty-one, no less.

"You must be gentle with her,"

Honoria says, "because beauty can be a worrying matter to a lass, what with men so eager! Have some of the little cakes with the wee plums on top, Danny," she says. "I remembered the last time you came to talk to Moirana you liked them, so I popped a few in while the oven was behaving."

She looks at the pig. "Tell me, Danny," she inquires, "have you come to terms with O'Shea about the marrying of the Princess?"

"I have that," I say. "I will pay the man the extortionate sum he demands."

"Oh, 'twill be a good match," she says. "A grand match. When the months are sped you'll be a proud man, Danny, with your feet well set on your own ground. Will you let me come and say a kind word to the litter?"

"I will that," I tell her.

She makes a keen observation of the Princess, and the Princess looks at her with an understanding eye and rests her snout in her lap.

"You'll make a lovely mother for many, I hope," Honoria tells the creature, and turns to me.

"Can you imagine, Danny?" she says. "There actually be people in the world who can see no beauty in a pig."

As I walk home with the Princess, I'm thinking of Moirana, with the bloom on her cheek and the silver thimble on her finger, and the sewing forgotten on her lap.

She's a winsome lass, d'you see, that'd make me a proud man and the envy of all as we walked to church, to say nothing of the kick in the pants 'twould be for pot-bellied Moriarty.

I'm thinking, too, of Honoria and the white apron about her tidy waist and the flour on her kindly hands and her wise conversation regarding the beauty of pigs.

Young I am and in my prime, but there are long years ahead when a man may not be so eager to barter fifty per cent. of his time for the company of a pretty woman.

After I have ushered the Princess into her pen I look at myself in the bit of a mirror I have inside the cottage, and it's no fear at all, at all, have I of the paunchy Moriarty nor any other man.

Just the same, the days are slipping by, and now I have made up my mind regarding the mating of the Princess, 'tis seemly I should look to my own future.

I light my pipe and lean against the white wall of the cottage.

Moirana is in my mind, and Honoria. Honoria is in my mind, and Moirana. There is no sound but the gentle hum of bees about the apple blossom, busy as Honoria about her baking-board.

I imagine Moirana sitting beneath the apple tree that was planted by my own father, God rest him.

A thing of beauty she'd be, sitting there on my own bit of ground with the silver thimble on her finger and the bit of sewing lone-some on her lap.

I look past the window of the empty kitchen with the cold stove and towards the pig pen, and, from the middle of nowhere, comes a gentle whisper:

"Can you imagine it, Danny? There be people in the world who can see no beauty in a pig."

I put my pipe in my pocket, and, inside the cottage, I take a coin from a hidden place.

"Spin it I shall," I say. "Tails it comes," I say, "and I shall marry with Moirana. And if heads," I say, "Honoria shall be my dear wife."

And, saints be, it falls heads.

I put the coin carefully in its secret place, for 'tis a coin that is of great assistance when there are grave decisions to be made, and which I had from a man who cheated me at the fair and whose head I broke; and on both sides of it is the head of the King of England.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A BUTTONED - THROUGH coat-dress is one of winter's most practical designs. Variations of the theme occur, but the original idea remains the same—a dress buttoned from neckline to hemline.

Here I suggest this style to a reader for a dress that won't go out of date.

Coat-dress style

HERE is my dress problem. I hope you will find time to solve it for me. I wish to make a wool dress that will not date for two or three seasons. I have very little time to think about my wardrobe, yet I do like to look neatly dressed. I am 32 years, with average figure."

Pictured on this page is a casual, softly tailored coat-dress, classic enough in cut to stay in fashion for several seasons. Gold buttons add interest and character, and the buttons are functional as well as decorative. The design is conservative, yet has typical current detail—narrow roll shawl collar, slash hip pockets worked into the skirt, and push-up cuffed sleeves. For the color I suggest caramel-brown, a tiny black-and-white check, or deep steel-grey.

Trimmed with pearls

COULD you give me some ideas for a pearl trimming on a white satin wedding gown? I love the French designs, and felt you could suggest something unusual and glamorous."

French designer Carven, in a recent Paris collection, showed a sentimental wedding gown made in white satin and trimmed with pearls. The bodice was severely plain and moulded to the figure, the full skirt was bisected with wide bands of pearl embroidery. The same pearl embroidery made flaring pumiliets on little white satin gloves, the effect was of gauntlet cuffs. Or you might consider a really classic design made with a moulded bodice and high, round neckline, finished with an oval yoke done in heavy pearl embroidery. The skirt could be closely fitting in front (making a



A COAT-DRESS cut on classic lines will not go out of date.

background for a wedding bouquet), with interest concentrated at the back, with a full train shaped down from the waistline.

Teen-age trend

"WILL you help me, please? I have a growing daughter, just leaving school, and would like some advice about teen-age winter styles. It is much colder here in Melbourne than it is in Sydney, so the fashions must be practical as well as attractive. I am very anxious to get her some really smart new clothes."

For the winter season two-piece and three-piece daytime ensembles combine practicability with glamor

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

in teen-age fashions. For instance, casual wool coats and jackets look smart lined with a contrasting color or a plaid; they're perfect to wear with classic suits or skirt and sweater ensembles. An ensemble composed of a jacket, wool blouse, and pleated skirt, with alternative slacks, is ideal for town and country wear. Raglan sleeves, interesting buttons, corsetlike belts bring young girls' dresses right into line with current fashion trends. In the evening, ruffles, ruchings, and flower garlands give an enchanting air to floor-length dresses with off-the-shoulder necklines and flowing skirts.

For trousseau

"NEXT spring I am to be married, and I am finding it difficult with so many changes in fashion to plan my trousseau clothes ahead. My present worry is a suit. Would it be best to choose a design with a full or straight skirt? The suit is to be made in a sort of heavy aqua rayon fabric."

A straight skirt is the number one choice in spring suit collections. Full skirts will almost be non-existent, even a design with back fullness will be rare. For these pencil-skirt skirts side slits or front and back slits are utilised to make walking comfortable. The popular jacket lengths are 26in. and 27in. Throughout the collections collar interest is stressed; there are numbers of modified cape collars and numbers of jackets finished with various shaped revers and collars—in this field scallops are popular. Pockets are large and often echo the shape of the revers or collar. A sleeve is quite often finished with a cuff; the cuff is seldom more than 1in. or 1½in. in width.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"GEORGINA." Attractive one-piece dress made in a printed summer breeze. The color combinations include, sky-blue, gold, celery-green, aqua, and rose printed in white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 36/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"JOAN" and "LUCY." Two smart blouses. "Lucy" features a pretty jabot front, "Joan" a self-trimmed trim. The material is a cotton voile in shades of pink, blue, green, and lemon printed with a white square.

"Joan"—Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/3. Postage, 9½d extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 14/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 16/11. Postage, 8½d extra.

"Lucy"—Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/3. Postage, 9½d extra.

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W.11.27

THE CHIEF DEFECT of Thomas Smelt

was nagging pain below his belt



Oh! What a sad predicament! The dull, dead pain—the hopeless look—As Tom his homeward trudge took...

WHAT did Tom take? **HE TOOK**

ADVICE: He saw his doctor (who was nice) And learned that tummy ache can be just nothing but acidity. Or else it's serious. **IF IT IS,** Your doctor knows, the job is his. But if it's not—why, tra-la-lal! Then Rennie's balanced formula (Antacid tablets, wrapped up neat—You suck one slowly, like a sweet) Will end all fear of stomach pain And make your life a joy again!



TOM hardly knew a good night's rest—Because his food would not digest. Unhappy Tom! As for his wife—She led a miserable life. Thus, if she begged and argued with best

To find a tempting bite to eat, He'd put the rattles down the hatch And go off to his football match. He'd feel all right, and pleased to hop

But soon, hy jinnny, he'd cop it. And ere the half-time whistle went—

End stomach upsets with two Digestif Rennies, sucked slowly, one after the other. Rennies' five-fold formula quickly, but gently, neutralises excess acid—restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give you speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From any chemist—separately wrapped, convenient to carry. 1/- a packet or four times the quantity for 3/6.

DIGESTIF

RENNIES



relieve the pain of indigestion

DR.B.10

DIGESTIVE DISORDERS CAUSE MORE SICKNESS THAN ANY OTHER COMPLAINT!

GOVERNMENT
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PROVE IT!

Figures of sickness benefits paid by the Commonwealth Government show that of 27,869 males admitted to benefit in six months, 6,160 suffered from diseases of the digestive system, almost twice the number affected by any other complaint.

QUICK-EZE ANTACID TABLETS

GIVE YOU ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF FROM
INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, ACIDITY
and all after-meal discomforts

Dispensed from a scientifically pre-tested formula of British Pharmacopœia Codex Standard Pharmaceuticals, Quick-Eze neutralise excess stomach acid and, by the rapid action of their *Magnesium Trisilicate* content, aid in the stabilisation of the digestive system's acid-alkaline balance. Doctors recommend Quick-Eze.

MORE THAN 1 IN 5 NEEDLESSLY ENDURE INDIGESTION

One reason for undue prolonged suffering is the inconvenient form of remedies which call for mixing, etc. Quick-Eze are small, handy tablets, call for no water or mixing, and are therefore easy to take at any time. In pocket or handbag they take up less room than a fountain pen or lipstick. You can nip off a couple without anyone knowing. No fumbling, no fuss, no embarrassment. Just pop them into your mouth unnoticed by anyone. Immediately Quick-Eze dissolve the pain begins to disappear.

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Indigestion respects neither time, place nor person. For this reason Quick-Eze are in universal distribution, not only at every chemist, but for your IMMEDIATE CONVENIENCE also at all Tobacconists, Confectioners, Cafes, Milk Bars, Smallgoods Shops, Kiosks, Newsagents, Airports, Railway Stations, Grocers, Canteens, etc. Pop in anywhere and say, "Quick-Eze, please." They're only 6d.—EVERYWHERE.

PREPARED AND PACKED TO APPROVED BRITISH PHARMACOPŒIA CODEX STANDARDS

By virtue of the most modern laboratory techniques in production the originators of Quick-Eze have made possible the manufacture of these modern-style antacid tablets in sufficient volume to permit of widespread distribution at the unprecedented cost of only 6d. per packet. The same modern laboratory techniques also guarantee the consumer the fullest benefits of faultless packaging. Doubly wrapped by machines, they are untouched by any hand. Sealed within airproof, dust-proof and spillproof gift foil, every tablet stays hygienically protected and 100% fully active to the last one!

LOOK FOR QUICK-EZE
THE NEW, MODERN WAY
OF BRINGING YOU SURE,
QUICK RELIEF FROM
INDIGESTION
ON COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Quick-Eze is the only antacid tablet which combines to such a degree completely effective pharmaceuticals with the soothing, palatable, lasting flavour of FRESH MINT LEAVES!

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PER PACKET

And the pack's as perfect as the product it protects.

FOR INDIGESTION, just say "QUICK-EZE, PLEASE!"



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USE a brush, along with plenty of rich, creamy soapsuds, letting the lather penetrate deeply into the semi-hardened skin



IT'S a wise precaution to follow soaking and washing by rubbing lightly with pumice while skin is still wet.

Up to your ELBOWS

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

Instead of dimpling prettily, the thin flesh which covers the elbows, and which naturally inclines toward a semi-calloused condition, often gets dry and wrinkled and hard.

WHEN this happens, it calls for a good repair job, and it is cheering that no matter what hardships the elbows take there is a remedy if a little time is set aside for grooming them.

At least resolve to give your elbows an exclusive massage for themselves in the hot bath, working up a good stiff soap lather, and rinsing them well with clear water before drying.

Afterwards take a little time to pinch and knead the elbows with a spot of cream or oil and a dusting off with talcum powder.

Where the skin is loose and pouchy pat briskly with astringent or rubbing alcohol for a tightening, stimulating effect. Make paddle-shaped cotton-wool pads, saturate them with the liquid, and use as patters.

Of course, the full-time elbow treatment is more complicated, and the routine described and illustrated takes special effort, but the improvement achieved is well worth it.

First wrap a hot, wet towel around the elbow to open the pores. Make it as hot as you can bear.

Remove the towel after about ten seconds, and massage a stiff lather of soap into the elbow and surrounding skin until none of the lather remains on the surface. Use a brush with the suds for extra stimulation.

Where the washboard look is very noticeable, follow the scrub-massage by rubbing the elbows very lightly with a flat pumice while the skin is still wet.

Rinse off in clear, warm water, and dry as the prelude to a five-minute massage, using some sort of oil as a lubricant. This, like the soap lather, will penetrate deeply into the pores and bring new texture to the elbows. Continue the massage well along the forearm.

If you haven't used too much oil, and have rubbed it well into the skin, another washing will not be necessary.

If you have it on hand, a dab of almond cream or lotion can be applied; in addition to its skin smoothing, it will serve as an excellent powder base.

The final step in rejuvenating the elbows is to pat powder on lightly.

The frequency with which the entire arm programme should be repeated depends upon the condition of the skin.



MASSAGE each elbow for five minutes with a lubricant; it will penetrate deeply and improve texture of skin.



WELL-MASSAGED OIL will disappear. Apply softening cream or lotion to act as powder base.



POWDER over lightly as final step in arm dressing; repeat full treatment once weekly, gradually decrease.

As a rule, if cleansing and stimulating work is done regularly for a few weeks the roughness will disappear, and a going over once every ten days or fortnight will keep your elbows well groomed and smooth.

Your Knitting Book For 1949

You cannot afford to miss The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1949.

It's packed with designs for all sizes and all ages.

Get your copy now—price 1/6 from our offices and all newsagents and booksellers.

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makes your skin finer, smoother, prettier, in a few days

It's quite exciting how quickly the skin responds to the newest methods of beauty care! You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive salons, but so easy to do yourself in your own home.

What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty-facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck at bed time and leave on overnight. The important thing about Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin.

Start your Skin Deep facials to-night, and see



how quickly you can soften away all the dryness and roughness of sun and wind. Your skin blossoms into new freshness from your very first facial. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial! You can get it at any chemist or store, 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

Skin Deep
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A.M.W.W.82G

SLOWED DOWN by stomach trouble?



If work and pleasure are being slowed down by stomach suffering — STOP! — and take a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Just a spoonful in a glass of water—and what a difference to your digestion! The stomach is settled and soothed, pain disappears and you are free to concentrate on the job in hand without a qualm. And that is not all. Not only is relief speedy but it lasts over a protracted period.

The reason for this is because some of the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder, among which is one of the fastest acid neutralisers available, take care of the excess acid in the stomach, bringing immediate relief. Other

ingredients spread a protective and soothing coat on the inflamed stomach lining, and also continue to slowly neutralise the acids as they are being formed.

The most striking feature that distinguishes this world-famous standby is the way in which it is repeatedly recommended by one-time sufferers all over the world.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has never failed them. It will never fail you. Get a canister for your cupboard straight away and look forward to a serene and settled stomach. Get the giant 4/6 economy size while you're about it. It contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

ELIZABETH COOKE—

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert says —

"You'll **SEE** and **TASTE**
the difference when you use—

KRUSTO

Pastry Mix"

FRESH!—Always Fresh and Digestible

Because it is so fresh, Krusto Pastry Mix always has a crisp, mouth-watering flavour. And pastry made with Krusto lays no stress on the digestion. Every mouthful is light and tender. So ask for Krusto Pastry Mix. Get two packets now — and keep one always on hand. Remember, Krusto is made by KRAFT — and that's a fine guarantee of quality.

"Even if you've never made pastry before, you can be sure of light, flaky pastry with Krusto Pastry Mix. You just can't fail. There's no guesswork — no skill needed. You simply add water... mix... and roll. Your pastry is then ready to pop into the oven. And when your family taste that honey-gold, light-as-a-feather pastry of yours they'll say: 'Mum, you're an even better cook than ever!'"



KRUSTO APPLE AND RHUBARB PIE

1 cup stewed apple; 1 cup stewed rhubarb; Krusto Pastry Mix; water.
Add the water to the Krusto Pastry Mix and mix into a medium dough. Turn onto a lightly floured board and knead slightly. Cut into two portions and roll out one to fit pie dish. Lightly mix apple and rhubarb together and place in pie shell. Roll out remainder of pastry and place on top. Flute edges. Decorate as illustrated with left-over pieces of pastry and colored sugar. Glaze with egg white. Place in hot oven (450°F), then reduce heat and cook at 400°F. for 20-25 minutes. Serves 4-6.

KRUSTO SAVES YOU MONEY

When you use Krusto for your pastry you don't need eggs, butter, milk or sugar — and that's a grand help with your budget!

DELICIOUS!

LIGHT, FLAKY PASTRY

every time...

*and so **DIGESTIBLE***

**JUST ADD WATER
MIX AND ROLL**

Everyday Recipes

● Here are some simple recipes, including meat dishes, sweets, and a wholesome loaf, useful to those who prepare cut lunches.



SPICED PUMPKIN PUDDING

(A delicious and unusual baked dessert)
One and a half cups mashed cooked pumpkin, 2 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 1 teaspoon each salt, ginger, powdered cloves, 1 cup dry milk powder, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins.

Add beaten egg-yolks, spices, salt, sugar, and milk powder to the mashed pumpkin. Mix well. Fold in raisins, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased pie-dish, stand in dish of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until set, approximately 1 hour. Serve hot with custard or clear lemon sauce.

Note: If pumpkin is very dry, add 1 cup water.

PEANUT BUTTER LOAF

Two cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup peanut butter, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter (measured after melting), 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add sugar. Combine peanut butter, melted shortening, beaten egg and milk; stir until smooth. Mix into dry ingredients. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 1 hour.

HUNGARIAN BEEF ROLLS

One and a half pounds topside steak cut 1 in. thick, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard, 1 onion, 4 tablespoons diced bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons melted fat, 11 cups water (or stock), 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper.

Cut steak into pieces 4 in. x 8 in. Spread with mustard, top with chopped onion, bacon, and parsley. Roll up, secure with coarse thread. Brown on all sides in hot fat. Add about one-third of the water or stock. Cover, simmer 1 1/2 hours. Remove meat. Water should have evaporated, leaving fat. Add flour, brown; stir in balance of stock or water, simmer 5 minutes. Correct seasoning. Return meat, reheat. Remove thread. Serve on hot dish.

TOMATO AND ONION SAVORY

Two large tomatoes, 1 medium onion, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 to 2 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Wash, skin, and slice tomatoes. Peel onion, slice thinly. Place in pan with margarine or butter, sugar, salt, and pepper. Cover, simmer very gently, shaking pan occasionally, until onion is soft. Fold in breadcrumbs, correct seasoning if necessary. Serve with mincemeat celery whirls. If desired, mixture may be turned into an ovenware dish, top sprinkled thickly with crumbs and grated cheese, and baked in hot oven until topping is browned.

GINGERBREAD WITH JELLIED APPLE

One ounce margarine or butter, 1oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup plain flour, 11 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon bi-carbonate soda, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 11 cups hot water, cherries to decorate, 11 cups stewed apple pulp (drained from syrup), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cream shortening, sugar, and golden syrup. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7 in sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, allow to become cold. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, set a thin layer in bottom of wetted mould. Add cherries and a little more jelly, allow to set. When balance of jelly is cold, whip slightly, fold in apple pulp and lemon rind. Fill into mould. Chill until set. Unmould on to gingerbread, decorate with fresh or mock cream.

SAVORY VEAL WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

One to 1 1/2 lb. veal steak, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 11 cups water or vegetable stock, 1 cup each diced carrot, celery, swede turnip, 1 small chopped onion, 1 cup green peas, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup tomato puree or tomato juice (or a mixture of 2 tablespoons tomato sauce and 2 tablespoons water), salt and pepper to taste.

Cut meat into 1 in. cubes, roll well in flour. Brown in hot fat. Add water or vegetable stock, cover and simmer 1 hour. Add vegetables (except peas), sauce, tomato puree, salt and pepper. Simmer gently while preparing dumplings.

Parsley Dumplings: Sift 11 cups self-raising flour with 1 teaspoon salt. Rub in 3 dessertspoons shortening. Add 1 tablespoon (or more) chopped parsley. Mix to a soft dough with 1 cup milk. Add green peas to meat, then drop dumpling mixture on top of meat in spoonfuls. Do not allow dumplings to settle in gravy; they should rest on meat. Place lid on, simmer 15 to 20 minutes longer. Serve immediately.

THERE is nothing at all elaborate about these recipes—they are homely dishes, easily prepared, reasonably economical, but at the same time rich in flavor and satisfying.

MINCEMEAT CELERY WHIRLS

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups minced cooked meat, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons tomato puree (or left-over white sauce or gravy or tomato sauce).

Combine meat, celery, onion, salt, pepper, parsley, beaten egg, tomato puree; mix well. Roll pastry to thin oblong sheet. Spread with meat mixture to within 1 in. of edges. Moisten edges of pastry with milk or water. Shape into a long roll, commencing to roll from the longest side. Chill 20 to 30 minutes for easy handling. Cut into 1 in. slices. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with heated tomato puree, or brown vegetable sauce.

Note: If desired, 2 cups minced steak may be used in place of cooked meat. Simmer steak 15 to 20 minutes with 3 tablespoons water, 1 small, grated carrot, salt and pepper. Allow to cool before proceeding as above.

By our
Food and
Cookery Experts

REDDED UNCOOKED CABBAGE and carrot, served in sauce cups, and garnished with pineapple sticks and celery curls, make the appetizing salad pictured above. Crisp shortcrust is used for the mincemeat celery whirls—cooked or cooked meat may be used for the filling; see recipe in this page. Gingerbread with jellied apple pulp is a simple sweet with a delicious flavor—made from economical ingredients, too.



Mrs. Darby Munro

(wife of famous jockey) says:

"Another WINNER!
Wheat tastes
completely
DIFFERENT
this new
way"



NOW! the *BEST* part of
wheat with **BRAN** added!

YOU SEE—each honey-brown flake stands up crisp and firm—even after you have added milk!

YOU ENJOY that different flavour in a flash. Like Mrs. Darby Munro you'll say you never know wheat could taste as wonderful as this. That added bran makes as much difference to wheat as butter makes to dry bread. It's a completely NEW kind of breakfast cereal.

YOU GET—for the first time—all the nourishing goodness of sun-ripened wheat PLUS the gentle laxative action of bran. Your grocer has these delicious new Kellogg's Bran Flakes now. Serve them to *all* your family. Get some right away! They're delicious!

MILDLY LAXATIVE—
specially good
for children



Kellogg's
BRAN
FLAKES



HERE'S ANOTHER delicious apple dish—a new and unusual way of varying the flavor of apple tart by adding a layer of date pulp. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

Reader from Alice Springs wins £10 prize

● First prize of £10 is awarded to Mrs. Critchley, Alice Springs, for a delicious apple and raisin slice made with wholemeal pastry.

PLAIN shortcrust or biscuit pastry may be used instead of wholemeal if preferred.

Generous cash prizes are awarded each week for good, home-tested recipes.

Conditions of entry are simple; write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only. Be sure that full name and address (including State) are on each page.

Remember all spoon measurements should be given as level spoons.

WHOLEMEAL, APPLE, AND RAISIN SLICE

Six ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, 2oz. white self-raising flour, 2oz. margarine or butter, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 or 4 tablespoons water, 1 cup chopped, seeded raisins, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 apples, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift white flour, mix with wholemeal. Rub in margarine or butter, add lemon rind. Mix to a firm dough with water and lemon juice. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into 2 portions. Roll each to fit slab tin 7in. x 11in. Place one in bottom of slab tin. Peel and grate apples, mix with brown sugar, raisins, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Spread evenly over pastry in tin, place second portion of pastry on top, pressing down lightly. Brush with melted margarine or butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. When cool, cut into finger lengths, remove from tin. Finish cooling on cake-cooler, store in airtight tin. Makes a delicious dinner sweet, served hot with custard or ice-cream.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. R. L. Critchley, c/o Box 9, Alice Springs, Northern Territory, Central Australia.

DATE AND APPLE MERINGUE TART

Pastry: Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons icing-sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2 or 3 tablespoons water.

Filling: Half lb. dates, 1 lemon, pinch ground cloves, 11 to 2 cups stewed, sweetened apples, 2 egg-whites, pinch of salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and icing-sugar, rub in margarine or butter. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg-yolks and water. Knead lightly on floured board. Roll thinly and line 9in. tart-plate. Prick base with fork, pinch frill around edge. Glaze with milk, bake in hot oven

(400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes.

Chop dates roughly, cook gently with juice of lemon and ground cloves. When soft, beat to a pulp. Spread over base of tart, top with apple pulp. Beat egg-whites with pinch of salt until stiff; add baking-powder and sugar gradually, beating until meringue holds its shape. Pipe or spoon on to apple pulp. Return to very moderate oven to set, and lightly brown meringue. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Barclay, 174 West Street, Umla, N.S.W.

SAVORY VEAL WITH MUSHROOMS

One pound veal steak, 2 tablespoons melted fat, 1 cup diced onion, 1lb. mushrooms (more or less, according to taste), 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup stock or water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 to 1½ cups cooked macaroni.

Place fat in heavy pan. Cut veal into thin cubes, brown well in hot fat. Add diced onion, celery, and peeled and chopped mushrooms, brown lightly. Season with salt and pepper, add stock or water, cover and cook gently until meat is tender, 35 to 40 minutes. Blend flour smoothly with water, add tomato sauce. Stir into meat, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Correct seasoning if necessary. Serve piping hot with cooked macaroni. Garnish with parsley and tomato slices.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Tully, Lillimur, Vic.

RUSSIAN MEAT BALLS WITH CHUTNEY SAUCE

Meat Balls: One pound cooked topside or round steak, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sauce: One small onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup seeded raisins, 3 tablespoons diced green pepper, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon sweet chutney, 7 tablespoons bacon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ cups water.

Prepare sauce first. Peel and dice onion; peel and finely chop garlic. Melt fat in heavy pan, add onion, garlic, celery, raisins, and green pepper, fry until soft. Add flour, salt, and sugar, mix well, cook 1 minute. Stir in vinegar, chutney, and water. Stir while sauce boils and thickens. Cover and keep hot while preparing balls.

Balls: Beat egg and milk, add crumbs. Mince steak and onion, add to crumbs with parsley, salt, and pepper. Shape into balls. Deep fry in fuming fat until browned and heated through, 5 to 7 minutes. Serve immediately with sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss Stafford, 2 View Street, Cottesloe, W.A.

Savoury and Sweet

ON ONE EASY BASIC RECIPE

Says Marjory Carter, Home Cookery Expert



Savoury

LITTLE BACON AND EGG PIES

(particularly good for school lunches). Divide pastry into three parts. Roll out two thirds and line small pie tins. Place strips of bacon in each pastry-lined tin. Beat 4 eggs with half a cup of milk. Pour into each tin, top with more strips of bacon, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Roll remaining pastry and cover each pie. Glaze with milk and bake in hot oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

CRISS-CROSS RABBIT PIE

Line 8" or 9" sandwich tin with pastry. Prick well with fork and bake in hot oven until pale brown. Combine 2 cups of cooked rabbit meat with thick white sauce, flavoured with a pinch of ground nutmeg. Pour into pastry case. Cover top with criss-crossed pastry strips and bake for a further 10 to 15 minutes.

LITTLE CHEESE PIES (a good supper dish).

Beat 4 eggs until light; add 1 tablespoon top milk, 3 ozs. of cream cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; beat until mixed. Line shallow muffin pans with pastry rolled very thin, bake in hot oven for 10 minutes. Remove from oven, fill with filling and bake again in slow oven for half an hour.

Sweet

DEEP APPLE AND BLACKBERRY PIE

Two-thirds fill pie dish with stewed apples to which blackberries have been added during last 5 minutes of cooking. Place inverted cup in centre. Top with pastry rolled thin. Brush edges with milk, place strip of pastry round, mark with fork and bake from 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with cream or thin boiled custard.

BANANA AND PASSION FRUIT PIE

Line tart dish with thinly rolled pastry. Fill with sliced bananas, a squeeze of lemon juice, half a cup of sugar and pulp of 4 passion fruit. Cover with pastry, glaze with sugar and water, and bake in hot oven from 15 to 25 minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Bake pastry shell and allow to cool. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar with 5 tablespoons flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and stir in 2 cups milk. Cook slowly over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Cover and cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 2 beaten egg yolks, stirring vigorously and cook one minute longer. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and cool. Place filling in pastry shell and cover with whipped cream.

BASIC PASTRY RECIPE

... FOR SAVOURY AND SWEET PIES

A light hand with pastry marks the good cook. If you follow this basic recipe for pastry we'll guarantee results. It is for short pastry that can be used for any savoury and sweet pies or tarts.

INGREDIENTS. 6 ozs. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos," 4 ozs. lard (or other shortening), 1 egg yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, squeeze lemon juice.

Rub shortening into sifted flour; add egg yolk, lemon juice and bare half cup of water. Mix to a stiff paste. Knead lightly. Lift onto floured pastry board. Roll thin and bake, as required, in hot oven. Pie crusts are so crisp, so delicious, when made with self-raising flours containing "Aerophos."

4 REASONS WHY "AEROPHOS" RAISING INGREDIENT GIVES A NEW FEATHERY LIGHTNESS TO ALL YOUR BAKING

1. It rises higher, lighter and keeps baking fresher.
2. Its full, raising action begins in the oven.
3. It is specially designed for Australian flours.
4. Its raising qualities are not affected by allowing the mixture to stand before it is placed in the oven.

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Miss Nancy du Pont, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest du Pont Jr., has the radiant loveliness of amber eyes, light brown hair and fair skin. Nancy says: "Before I go out I always have a 1-Minute Mask. In one minute—literally—the mask smooths my skin back to a soft satiny finish. My whole complexion looks fresher and brighter."

How to apply the 1-Minute Mask

1. Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.
2. Instantly the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream starts to loosen dried skin flakes. Dissolves them off.
3. After just one minute tissue off clean. Your face looks lighter, clearer... feels so blissfully soft. Your make-up smooths on beautifully—and clings.



POND'S VANISHING CREAM

PG 9-2

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Bisto
FOR RICH BROWN GRAVY



WOODLAND GARDEN with quaint stonework bridge over a shadowy pool, on display at the Ideal Home Exhibition, London. The "hillside view" at rear is actually a back-drop, and the merging of brickwork, trees, and flowers with painted scenery is a clever piece of work.

Quaint love-in-a-mist grows easily

- The little annual plant known to botanists as *Nigella*, and to most folk as Love-in-a-mist, has been in cultivation for more than a century... Says OUR HOME GARDENER

IT belongs to the buttercup family and has blue, yellow, or white flowers, according to the variety. The blue and white types are mostly seen, the yellow having dropped out of cultivation years ago because of its paucity of seed.

At this time of the year, but before the soil becomes too cold, or in spring (around September-October), seed can be sown. The plant is very hardy and will withstand quite a severe frost without suffering any damage. Self-sown seeds that germinate in late autumn often survive the winter and bloom extra early in spring.

The plants, as most people know, grow to about 18 in., and the flowers (blue or white) are surrounded and partially concealed by the finely cut leaves of the involucre. The flowers last well when cut, and are most attractive in mixed bouquets.

The Miss Jekyll variety has deeper blue flowers, much prettier than the variety known as *Nigella damascena*. Another variety, not often seen here, is *Nigella sativa*, or fennel-flower. This comes from the Mediterranean region and has solitary blue flowers without the lacy green fringe. The seeds of this variety

are known as Black Cumin and are largely used as a herb for seasoning.

Nigellas, generally, do best if the seed is sown where the plants are to spend their entire lives, as they do not transplant very well.

If sown in border beds behind massed rows of pansies, yellow or white alyssum, dwarf nemesis or linaria, they provide color for five or six weeks if the seed pods and spent flowers are regularly removed.

Like most blue flowers they are also good companions of calendulas (yellow or gold), and are often used as backing for massed beds of ranunculi, where their azure tones provide just a change of color that the ranunculi cannot supply.

Being almost pest and disease free, the *Nigellas* are easy to grow and require little care.

April sowings

MAY isn't so far away, and that means cold weather and poor germination of seeds, so any sowings that have to be made should be prompt.

But there is still time to sow seeds of alyssum, calendula, eschscholtzia, calliopais, candytuft, Canterbury bells, carnation, chrysanthemum, cineraria, clarkia, cornflower, delphinium, helichrysum, bellis perennis, ageratum, forget-me-not, geum, globe amaranth, godetia, gypsophila, hollyhock, Iceland poppy, larkspur,



NIGELLA, or Love-in-a-mist, a quaint annual that provides blue flowers for five or six weeks during spring and summer. Seed can be sown now.

leptosyne, linaria, lobelia, lupina, French marigolds, nasturtium, nemesis, pansy, pentstemon, perennial pea, schizanthus, primula, ranunculus, shasta daisy, Shirley poppy, anapdragon, sweet pea, sweet williams, and stocks.

In the vegetable garden, peas, broad beans, cabbage, broccoli, kohlrabi, carrots, parsnips, lettuce, beets, silver beet, onions, and turnips can be sown.

BABY'S HEALTH IN WINTER

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABIES and toddlers lose more body heat in cool weather than adults do, and so suffer lowered resistance to seasonal ailments.

But if clothing is properly adjusted and if more foods that supply heat are given in the cold weather, infants and young children should be able to develop resistance to most winter ills, unless subjected to infection.

Fresh air and exercise in the open are also essential.

Even baby should not miss out in his free-kicking exercise in pram or play-pen.

A leaflet giving hints on the care of babies and toddlers during the winter months can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



KEEP THEM LONGER. Always add a pinch of alum to the water when you arrange the flowers.

Miss Precious Minutes Says:

MUD stains may be removed from suede shoes by rubbing them with fine oatmeal. Rub on oatmeal in a circular motion.

TO remove rust stains from a washing material, moisten with salt dissolved in lemon juice. Place garment in sun until dry, and then rinse again.

IF the centre of an aluminium frying-pan buckles, heat it and tap it gently all over with the hammer to flatten it.

TO stop colors running in a garment, add vinegar to the washing water.

TO make corks airtight, boil and while still hot, press them into the bottles.

EUCALYPTUS will remove chewing gum from fabric.



CARNATIONS generally appeal to women gardeners. Here are some beautiful specimens from the Ideal Homes Exhibition in London. The plants can be set out almost the year round in our mild climate.

WALLED GARDEN (left) at Ideal Homes Exhibition, featuring wisteria, flowering cherries, peaches, and low-growing flowering shrubs with spring bulbs at foot. All these garden exhibits were arranged under one roof.

Crescent-shaped hearthrug . . .

For the price of a few pounds of wool and a rug needle, an attractive crescent-shaped hearthrug may be made.

A WARM, colorful rug makes a room more cosy and inviting in winter, and by making it yourself you can select colors that suit the other furnishings.

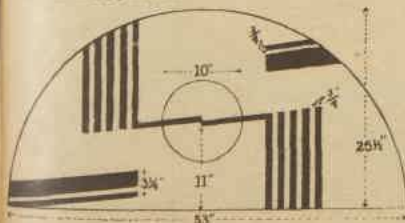
This pattern has bold, true lines that you will not tire of quickly when it is finished.

Materials: 1lb. light rug wool, 1lb. medium rug wool, 1lb. dark rug wool, a piece of hessian 30in. by 50in., 1 rug needle.

Draw the outline of the rug on to the hessian, leaving enough material to turn up at least 2in. all round. Now draw the pattern with colored crayon, following the measurements and shape given in the diagram.

It is quite easy to draw the circle if you use a large-sized dinner plate as a guide. Hanks of wool are most convenient to handle, so wind the wool into balls before you begin work.

Thread the rug needle with wool.



MADE in deep tones, a crescent-shaped rug like this would be grand for a boy's room. Charming, too, as a bedside rug for a girl's room—if made in off-white and pastel tonings to harmonise with the color scheme of the room.

Holding the patterned side of the hessian towards you, push the needle through the hessian. Hold the loop, which is formed on the right side of the hessian, draw out the needle, then insert it again in front of the stitch you have just made.

The patterned side of the hessian

is the back of the rug. Work approximately seven stitches to 2in., and five rows to 1in. After one row has been made, cut the loops through the centre, using sharp scissors.

Start the pattern by filling in the circle, half light, half medium as in photograph, then move from the centre towards the outside edges, working one half of the rug in light and one half in medium, and the pattern in the dark color. When all the pattern is filled in, turn under the outside edges and hem.

It is advisable to back the rug with hessian or some thick felt to make it stronger and give it more substance. If you decide not to back the rug, bind it with braid, measuring 3in. in width, and mitre the corners neatly. Trim any ends of the right side of the rug if necessary.

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Fashion PATTERNS



F5481.—A pretty winter nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.

F5482.—Tailored pyjamas for a small boy. Sizes 6, 8, and 10 years, or 37, 41, and 45in. lengths. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5483.—Attractive yoked effect for a small girl's dressing-gown. Sizes 6, 8, and 10 years, or lengths 37, 41, and 45in. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5484.—Small boy's two-piece suit. Sizes 6, 8, and 10 years, or 23, 27, and 31in. lengths. Requires 1yd. 54in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5485.—One-piece styled with a tiered skirt and soft bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. lining. Price, 2/4.

F5486.—Tailored dress with unusual skirt treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5487.—Attractive shirt-sleeved dress designed with its own jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material; 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/8.

NEEDLEWORK

NOTIONS

No. 1221—SMOCK

This pretty smock, with long sleeves, pointed pockets, and collar, is cut out and ready for you to make up in popular summer breeze material in shades of red and blue, grey and red, green and cyclamen, pale blue and cyclamen, purple and blue on white grounds.

Sizes: 32-34in. bust, price 18/3; 36-38in. bust, price 19/6. Postage, 8d. extra.

1221



No. 1222—HOUSEGOWN

Cut out and ready to make up, this smart housecoat has a crossover front and tie sash. The material is a self-jacquard taffeta in white, pale pink, and blue.

Sizes: 32-34in. bust, 36/3; 36-38in. bust, 39/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 1223—LITTLE GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN

The coziest little nightgown with a heart-shaped pocket is cut out, ready for you to machine. The material is good quality flanellette in lemon, pink, and blue floral.

Sizes: 3yrs., 29in., price 8/3, postage 4d; 3yrs., 31in., price 9/11, postage 6d; 4yrs., 33in., price 10/6, postage 6d; 5-6yrs., 37in., price 10/11, postage 7d.

No. 1224—THREE DOYLEYS

Three dainty doyleys measuring 8in. x 8in. are traced ready for you to embroider on white or cream linen and sheer linen in pastel colors of pink, blue, lemon, and green. Finish with lace edging (lace not supplied).

Price, 1/- each. Postage, 1d. extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notion patterns Nos. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37.



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